THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

April, 1801.

HER SERENE HIGHNESS
ELIZABETH MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

THIS Lady was the youngest daughter of Augustus late Earl Berkeley, and was born in December 1750. At little more than fifteen years of age she accepted the hand of the late Lord (then the Honourable William) Craven, by whom she had several children.

In the year 1786, Lady Craven set out on her celebrated Tour. From Paris she proceeded through the south of France, as far as Bologna in Italy; then changed her course, and travelled through Venice to Vienna, Warsaw, and Petersburgh; thence, by Cherson, through the Crimea, and by sea to Constantinople; and from this latter place, through Bulgaria, Wallachia, and Transylvania, back to Vienna.

From Vienna her Ladyship departed for Anspach, on a visit to the Margrave, to whom her Letters, describing the Tour, were addressed under the tender character of a brother, having, as she told him, "found in him all the virtues which she could desire in such a relation." These Letters

are extremely entertaining, and do great credit to the literary talents of their Author.

Lord Craven dying in September 1791, her Ladyship married, at Lisbon, His Serene Highness the Margrave of Brandenburgh, Anspach, and Bareith; who, having no issue by his former Lady, sold his margraviate in January 1792 to his nearest male heir, the late King of Prussia, for a large life annuity, and came to settle in England.

Brandenburgh House, at Hammersmith, has long attracted the gay world by its amusements and hospitalities; but is particularly celebrated for its private theatricals, the performers being, in general, persons of quality and fashion, and Her Serene Highness the life and spirit of the whole; writing the dramatic pieces, with their prologues, epilogues, and songs, and performing the principal characters.

That Her Highness has been no idler with her pen, the following list of her productions will testify: they have not all been published, but are well known to be the works of her hand.

1. The Sleep-walker, a Comedy, printed at Strawberry Hill, 1778.——This is little more than a translation from the French of Pont de Vile.

2. Modern Anecdotes of the antient Family of the Kirkvervankotsdarsprakengotchderns; a Tale for Christmas: 12mo., 1799.——This Tale, which is dedicated to the late Lord Orford (then Mr. Walpole), is told with much humour; the descriptions are particularly fine; and the moral tends to show, that love opposed produces both craft and fortitude.

3. The Miniature Picture, a Comedy, performed at Drury-lane Theatre in 1781.——This was a hasty sketch, not originally intended for public exhibition; and, being brought out very late in the season, it was acted only three or four nights.

4. The Silver Tankard, a Musical Farce, performed at the Haymarket Theatre, for the first time, July 18, 1781.

——The

——The story is extremely simple; but some pretty songs enlivened the Piece.

5. Nuriad, Comedie en 3 Actes. Anspach, 1787.

6. A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople, in a Series of Letters: 4to., 1789.

Her Highness has, since that time, written numerous pieces for the theatricals at Brandenburgh House; but as they were intended solely for that sphere of action, and never reached beyond it, we are unable to record them.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXXIV.

WERE it the province of an OLD WOMAN to assume the character of a politician, and to prognosticate events from the general disposition of the people, I should be induced to declare that this nation was on the very verge of ruin. Amidst the accumulated distresses of war, and of real or fictitious scarcity, of heavy taxes and gloomy prospects, the dissipation of the higher and more independent classes of the community is carried to a pitch that would have made our frugal forefathers lift up their hands in wonder, and pronounce individual and national bankruptcy. Even the middling ranks,---the shopkeeper, the manufacturer, and the farmer,---carry their extravagance beyond the bounds of all former precedents in the most prosperous times. That the farmer, indeed, should be enabled, from the enormous price which he exacts for every article of provision, to ape the gentry in luxury and excess, is not matter of astonishment to those who reflect on his enormous profits, and the means by which they are secured; but that the plain tradesman should still attempt to impose on his creditors and himself, and spend more as he receives less, is not to be accounted for on any principle which I know. Perhaps, like a drowning wretch, the man who perceives his credit sinking may

make the more desperate efforts in proportion as his powers are weakened, or likely to be lost; but, surely, this is bad policy in regard to himself, and shows little feeling for his family and connexions.

During the last Christmas festivities, however, which were prolonged, I understand, in some circles, till very nearly the middle of February, the greatest extravagance was visible in all ranks; and particularly in those persons who from their situations and reputed fortunes were the least able to indulge in this way, and who, considering the circumstances of the times, might have been satisfied without expensive entertainments and ill-directed profusion.

I was lately invited by a manufacturer to a christening in the country, in which, indeed, the parties paid some regard to economy, as they united a Christmas feast with the baptism of a third child; but, mercy on me!---the table almost groaned under a load of every dainty of the season; and wines and punch flowed in streams that would have been better suited for an election dinner.

I will not enter into an enumeration of the viands which composed the bill of fare; suffice it to say, that the sight of such a quantity of smoking victuals set on at once was enough to surfeit any delicate stomach; and, certainly, the expenses of the entertainment, on a moderate computation, must reasonably be supposed to amount to a month's clear income of the entertainer. Yet, what surprized me most, there was not a person in company who did not complain of the dearness of every article of consumption, and join in predicting the impossibility of living, unless some favourable change speedily took place. The guests, it must be allowed, argued well on this popular topic, and spoke no more than the truth; but they ate, drank, and gave invitations, as if every thing had been as cheap as in the golden days of Elizabeth, when beer supplied the place of wine and tea, and roast beef was to be had on easier terms than a bason of soup or a boiled potatoe now.

From

From this I drew the inference, that the more people are oppressed and distressed the more heedless they become; and when they find it no longer in their power to save, they deaden reflection by precipitating themselves into waste and dissipation.

For the last fortnight, I have been on a visit to an old and valued friend at Bath, that grand centre of resort and attraction at this season. It is long since I had an opportunity of seeing that gay place, and I was agreeably surprized to witness the great increase of buildings, both public and private, and the immense number of persons of all conditions who were pursuing health or pleasure in that rendezvous of fashion. At first, I imagined that all the desponding predictions which I had heard in the country were mere fancies of the imagination; and that the difficulties of the times were only the chimeras of croakers and ill-disposed minds. I saw here balls, concerts, gaming, dinners, splendid equipages, fine dresses, and plenty in seeming abundance. Every face looked gay, and every person danced in an endless round of expensive pleasures; but, on examining into particulars, I discovered that numbers had fled from their creditors to dissipate the small remnants of their property here as quickly and agreeably as possible; and that, under a fair outside, the gangrene of the heart was far advanced, and the consumption of the pocket beyond a cure. The same principles appeared to me to actuate the high and the low; the same improvidence to mark their conduct, however it might be diversified by external appearances. What will be the final result of this disposition, co-operating with unpropitious events, God only knows; but I cannot forbear holding up the mirror of truth, that my Countrywomen, and Countrymen also, may behold their real likeness. In regard to the former, I find that the celebrated Mr. Anstey's ironical defence against economical husbands still applies, in all its principal features.

" Ye wretches ingrate! to find fault with your wives,
" The comfort, the solace, and joy of your lives;
" Oh! that women, whose price is so far above rubies,
" Should fall to the lot of such ignorant boobies!
" Don't *Solomon* speak of such women with rapture,
" In verse his eleventh, and thirty-first chapter?
" And, surely, that wise King of *Israel* knew
" What belong'd to a woman much better than you!
" He says,---' If you find out a virtuous wife,
' She will do a man good all the days of her life;
' She deals like a merchant---she sitteth up late.'
" And you'll find it is written, in verse twenty-eight,
'Her husband is sure to be known at the gate.
'He never hath need or occasion for spoil,
'When his wife is much better employ'd all the while:
' She seeketh fine wool, and fine linen she buys,
' And is clothed in purple and scarlet likewise.'
" Now, pray, don't your wives do the very same thing,
" And follow th' advice of this worthy old King?
" Do they spare for expenses themselves in adorning?
" Don't they go about buying fine things all the morning?
" And at cards all the night take the trouble to play,
" To get back the money they spent in the day?
" And, sure, there's no sort of occasion to show
" Ye are known at the gate, or wherever ye go.
" Pray, are not your ladies at *Bath* better plac'd
" Than the wife of a King, who herself so disgrac'd,
" And at *Ithaca* liv'd *in such very bad taste?*
" Poor soul! while her husband thought proper to leave her,
" She slav'd all the day like a *Spitalfields* weaver;
" And then, like a fool, when her web was half spun,
" Pull'd to pieces at night all the work she had done!
" But these to their husbands more profit can yield,
And are much like a lily that grows in the field:
" They toil not, indeed, nor, indeed, do they spin,
" Yet they never are idle whence once they begin;
" But are very intent on increasing their store,
" And always keep shuffling and cutting for more:
" Industrious creatures! that make it a rule
" To secure half the fish while they *manage* the pool!"

With this appropriate quotation I shall conclude what many will call a dull moral lecture, seasoned with a little satire to keep it. Yet, pardon me, my Fair Readers!---I never compromise my conscience with a wish to please, nor flatter where I think it my duty to censure.

To

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

IT is a common, though I am not inclined to think it a judicious, observation, that "it is wrong to advert to the failings of the dead."---Now, Sir, I must beg leave to inform you that I not only differ from this opinion, but am convinced that, if a just degree of stigma were publicly attached to disgraceful actions, it would frequently be the means of preventing the practice of them.

It was a custom amongst some of the antients not only to attach the severest reproach to the memory of depraved characters, but even the interests of their children were injured by their vices, as they were prevented from filling any public offices of state. How far this practice may be reconciled to our ideas of justice, I shall not pretend to say; but merely inform you, Sir, that I have been led to make these observations from having seen an eulogium in your last month's MUSEUM upon a character* absolutely notorious in the annals of intrigue.

It is not, Mr. Editor, that I mean to doubt those qualities which Mrs. Robinson's historian informs us she possessed, or that I suppose the mind which is lost to delicacy and virtue must necessarily be devoid of every other grace; but I would not have characters held up to general esteem that have publicly trampled upon the laws of virtue.

To Mrs. Robinson's genius I offer the tribute of applause; to her misfortunes I subscribe a voluntary tear; but the errors of her conduct call forth my contempt.

At a period of time when both delicacy and virtue seem upon the wane, and modest Diffidence is driven from her seat; when conjugal infidelity is openly esteemed, and splendor is a passport for infamy and vice, we surely want not public panegyrics upon characters which have been lost to decency and shame.

* See an account of Mrs. Robinson, page 230.

Modesty

Modesty is allowed to be a female's choicest possession, and it is necessary to guard it with unremitting care; but so completely are they lost to their own interest, and so little do they seem to know what the valuable part of our sex admire, that, instead of that interesting diffidence which used modestly to shrink from the public gaze, we now behold young women not only courting partial attention, but adorning their persons in a manner that must necessarily produce a general stare.

Were this practice, Mr. Editor, merely adopted by the young and thoughtless, some few palliatives might be offered in excuse; but what shall we say of those injudicious mothers, who, instead of checking this imprudence in their children's conduct, not only suffer, but countenance and encourage it; and, by the extravagant folly of their own appearance, license them to dress in whatever way they please?

If these sentiments, Mr. Editor, should meet with your approbation, and you think them worthy of being presented before the public eye, I flatter myself they may tend to promote decency, though they may not be able to check the career of vice.

I am, Sir, with much esteem,
Your faithful admirer,
A FRIEND TO THE FAIR.

☞ The EDITOR assures this Correspondent, and his Readers in general, that he is very sorry that the Article alluded to was inserted. It did not at the moment appear to him in the same light as it has since done.

FELIX TO ALONZO.

[In continuation from page 178.]

LETTER III.

I HAVE just been witnessing the happiest scene you can imagine. A young woman, by far the prettiest in this province, has been married to an affectionate good young

young man: I was affected to tears, for the bride seemed to feel all her happiness; and, yet, she was depressed:---she was to leave her native place, to return with her husband to his——can any thing be conceived more afflicting to a mind of sensibility?——The young woman parted from her mother and sisters with a genuine feeling which might have shamed the cold hearts of half our Spanish ladies. The place she was going to was not above five leagues distance, and yet she wept!——Good God! Alonzo, how strange, how wonderful, is that passion which could thus lead this young woman to desert beings whom a long course of years had rendered dear to her!---How inexplicable is love!——I sometimes muse on this idea till I am bewildered; I can fully *conceive* all the emotions of a lover; and how is it, then, that with a heart like mine, so ardent in its attachments, so enthusiastic, so extravagant, that I have never yet known a stronger emotion than what I feel for *you*?——I believe that I am formed to be the lover of Nature alone: my soul is full of her;---I live, I breathe, for nothing else. I can imagine nothing more delightful than to walk by moonlight in the recesses of a wood; nothing more sublime than to range from cliff to cliff; to cross the rude bridges of fallen larch which extend here from steep to steep over fathomless chasms: nothing can exceed the luxury of my feelings in scenes like these.——Then, what is love?---What is that passion which can shut out all these objects? Shall *I* ever feel its power?---I think not.——Adieu!

FELIX.

ON THE POWER OF HABIT, AND THE FORCE OF AFFECTION,

Even when directed towards the Animal Race.

"WERE I in a desert," says the sympathetic Sterne, "I would find something in it to call forth my affections. If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon

upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress, and repose beneath its shade: I would carve my name upon them, and declare they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn; and when they renewed their verdure, I should instinctively rejoice."

The heart and the affections require to be called forth; and, if we are so unfortunate as to be destitute of friends, we must endeavour to place them upon something that is sensible of our attachment; for to a mind endowed with feeling and sensibility, nothing can be so dreadful as a state of indifference.

A gentleman of fortune and respectability in Paris was so completely beggared by an adverse turn of the wheel, as to be obliged to live upon public charity; and, anxious to secure himself from remarks and observation, he retired to a spot where Poverty hid her head. Every week a portion of food was sent to him just sufficient for the seven days' supply; and the Curate of the parish, who was accustomed to deal out the allowance, was astonished at finding that he demanded more, knowing that his portion was sufficient for an individual's food. At length he resolved to send for the unhappy man, and enquire into the cause of the additional demand.

"Do you live *alone*, Sir?" said the Curate.

"With whom," replied the gentleman, "is it possible I should live? I am a wretched outcast of society, and with whom do you think I should be likely to reside? You know that I am an object of charity and benevolence, and that I am abandoned by all the world!"

"If you live *alone*," rejoined the Curate, "why ask for more food than is sufficient for yourself?"

To this interrogation he did not immediately reply; but, at length, confessed that he was master of a dog, whose fidelity and attachment was no trifling compensation for the scorn and coldness of an unfeeling world!

THE

THE MATRIMONIAL RING.

THE ring, at first, according to Swinburne, was not of gold, but of iron, adorned with an adamant; the metal, hard and durable, signifying the durance and prosperity of the contract.

"Howbeit," he says, "it skilleth not at this day what metal the ring be of. The form of it being round, and without end, doth import that their love should circulate and flow continually. The finger on which this ring is to be worn is the fourth finger on the left hand, next unto the little finger, because there was supposed a vein of blood to pass from thence into the heart."

CUSTOMS OF THE KING OF IMERITIA,

A COUNTRY OF ASIA.

Related by a Gentleman in the East India Company's Civil Service at Surat.

AMONG the extraordinary sources of revenue, confiscations have a considerable share; but as all this is insufficient for the subsistence of the Prince, he usually travels from house to house, living on his vassals, and never changing his quarters till he has consumed every thing eatable. It will, of course, be understood that the court of Imeritia is not remarkable for great splendor, nor the Prince's table very sumptuously served. His usual fare consists of gom (a species of millet, ground and boiled into a paste), a piece of roasted meat, and some pressed caviare: these he eats with his fingers, forks and spoons being unknown in Imeritia. At table, he is frequently employed in judging causes, which he decides at his discretion, there being no law but his own will. He usually wears a coarse dress of a brown colour, with a musket upon his shoulder; but, upon solemn occasions, he puts on a robe of

of rich gold brocade, and hangs round his neck a silver chain. He is distinguished from his subjects by riding upon an ass, perhaps the only one in Imeritia, and by wearing boots. He has no regular troops, but can collect an undisciplined army of six thousand men, with no artillery: these troops are drawn together by the sound of trumpet. His civil ordinances are issued every Friday (which is the market-day) by one of his servants, who ascends a tree, and with a loud voice proclaims the edict, which is communicated to the people by each person upon his return to the place of his abode. The former King was driven from his throne, and compelled to live, like a wild man, for sixteen years in the woods and caverns of the mountains.

ANECDOTE.

AN Emigrant Nobleman lately asked Lady ———, Why it was generally remarked abroad, by foreigners, that the Scotch, who travelled, were men of parts and learning, while the English were generally wanting in both? ——Her Ladyship, with her usual vivacity, replied,---That only fools went out of England; but, for Scotland, none but fools would stay in it.

A Scotch Nobleman, neither famous for parts nor learning, observed,---That her Ladyship was right with regard to the Scotch; for, says he, there are offices established in Scotland where every Scotchman must apply for a passport before he can leave the country; and previous to the granting thereof, he is examined with regard to his intellects and education; and should they not arrive to the standard fixed, no passport is granted, but he is sent back for improvement: on a second application the same form is observed; but should he apply a third time, and then be found wanting, he is remanded back for life.

"Then," replied her Ladyship, "I am sure your Lordship was *smuggled!*"

THE

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

THOUGH giving advice that must militate against the wishes of those who ask it is an employment that few would be solicitous to obtain, yet, as I am requested to point out some plan to Mrs. Thrifty* by which her domestic happiness is likely to be increased, I shall not let the want of a coincidence of sentiment prevent me from following my original design, but make a few remarks upon the errors in her conduct, and indulge the hope that she will follow my counsel and advice.

The education which Mrs. Thrifty unfortunately received, I fear, has not been calculated for domestic life; and, disappointed in her hopes of ambition and greatness, she seems to compensate for their loss by extravagance and spleen. Parsimony and meanness, doubtless, are degrading, and lessen the character which practises them in our sight; but prudence and precaution are absolutely necessary, even in the most elevated situations in life.

That a husband should interfere with his wife's expenses may be considered as a breach of politeness and taste; but I confess myself such a slave to old-fashioned prejudices, as not to attribute it either to want of affection or faith. The distinguishing marks which fashion has adopted between millinery that is purchased in Bond Street or Cheapside, may be some apology for the cavils and contentions which Mrs. Thrifty informs me so frequently arise; but I would seriously enquire whether the cut of a bonnet is worth sacrificing one moment of domestic peace? or whether it would not be wiser to appear less fashionably decorated, if by so doing she convinced her husband that it gave her pleasure to please?

Though I never was an advocate for those very notable housewives who devote the greatest part of their time to

* See page 148.

scolding their maids, yet I think every woman should obtain a knowledge of domestic economy, and be able to judge of the worth of every article before the price is paid. A woman of understanding always regulates her household without any appearance of bustle or dispute; whilst those *busy idlers* who pride themselves upon their notability seem to fancy that order is to be obtained by fuss. This spurious species of female economy is apt to impose upon an unobserving mind; for, though a lady may be acquainted with all culinary compositions, it certainly is not necessary that she should perform the office of a cook. Different people view things in different lights, and each judges according to his own particular mode of thinking; but, for my part, I am of opinion, that, when a cook is kept in the house, it is unnecessary for the mistress to become the agent of her plans, and that her time would be much better employed in attending to the improvement of her childrens' minds. This opinion is only applicable to women whose fortunes allow them to keep a regular cook, but who, from the wish of appearing more notable than their neighbours, absolutely place themselves upon a footing with their maids.

Some men, I know, conceive that female excellence consists in compounding a savoury dish; but whether Mr. Thrifty indulges that opinion, is a matter which, at least, admits of a dispute. He may wish his wife to take upon her the direction of her servants, without expecting her to become either a cook or a slave; and it, doubtless, is a duty which she owes herself and her husband scrupulously to examine their most minute accounts. Suspicion is allowed to be a most degrading passion, and can never be fostered by a liberal mind; but that blind credulity which places unlimited confidence in the unprincipled must be condemned, if it is not despised. Mr. Thrifty must be convinced that the most affluent fortune may be wasted by profuseness, and destroyed by disregard; and when servants observe both extravagance and inattention where frugality and

and precaution ought to be maintained, they will naturally adopt their mistress's example, and become lavish of that wealth which they think must easily have been gained.

Thus far Mrs. Thrifty will perceive, by my observations, that I do not consider her *essentially aggrieved*; and I would strenuously advise her to resign Bond Street millinery for the less fashionable decorations that are to be purchased in Cheapside. This compliance with her husband's caprices, for such (according to her wish) I am willing they should be called, will, doubtless, produce a reciprocal attention, and be the means of putting an end to their frivolous disputes. His desire that the morning should be passed in the kitchen, must arise from some prejudice, which argument could confute; for a man of sense will never shut his ears against conviction, unless resentment supports the subject of dispute.

The affluent fortune which Mrs. Thrifty participates ought to remind her of the source from whence it is derived; and, as she considered an *old maid* a degrading appellation, she should avoid one that is still more so; namely---a *bad wife*.

So many are the causes of connubial infelicity, that it is impossible to point out beacons to guard against them all: but the want of compliance in trifling peculiarities is frequently the occasion of a serious dispute, and gives the mind an unfavourable impression, which no future attention is able to remove. How necessary, therefore, is it to avoid contention, if it is capable of engendering ideas that may prove destructive to peace; for though, by a little precaution, we may guard against an evil, much pains is necessary to effect a cure.

TO THE FEMALE MENTOR.

Madam,

UNDER the fictitious name of *Thrifty* I cannot avoid discovering my own; and though my good qualities have been mutilated, and my bad ones increased, I observe with regret that your complainant is my wife.

Although I am convinced that *private* grievances can never be redressed by being extensively spread, yet the honest pride I feel in possessing an untarnished name impels me to adopt this mortifying plan; and, by giving you a candid statement of my conduct since the moment I became a married man, allow you to judge whether my wife has reason either to repine at her lot, or publicly to complain.

From the moment I beheld this *accomplished woman* (for such, Madam, I allow she is universally called), my heart acknowledged her superior attractions, whilst love carefully concealed the imperfections of her mind. Her father, who had so long been solicitous for her establishment, immediately saw and approved my flame; and, as the proposals I made were beyond his expectations, was as eager as myself to avoid delay; and, three weeks after I had been introduced to Matilda, I had the happiness of receiving her unreluctant hand.

Transitory was the felicity which this boon bestowed, for far different were the characters of the mistress and the wife; the one appeared all amiable and condescending; whilst the other owns no power but the sovereignty of her will. Immediately after our marriage, I conveyed my wife to town, and indulged the hope of hearing her approve my newly-purchased house; but as it, unfortunately, was situated for my mercantile pursuits, instead of being placed in the most fashionable part of the town, neither the elegance that was displayed in the furniture, nor the expense I had been at to accommodate it to her taste, could reconcile

cile her to a City residence, though we were surrounded by some of the first merchants in the kingdom.

Shocked and mortified by repetitional complaint, I resolved to remove to Portman Square; but the generous relation who had consigned to me the greatest part of his wealth, even at the time he was capable of enjoying it himself, so strongly opposed this compliance, and pointed out the folly of yielding to such caprice, that, as I had not the power to combat his arguments, I thought it better to submit, than oppose his will; and with the utmost tenderness endeavoured to reconcile my wife to a situation which I lamented she could not approve.

I am willing to allow, Madam, that it is not a gentleman's province to interfere in the important article of dress; neither should I have encroached upon my wife's prerogative, but to serve those whom misfortune had depressed. The milliner in Cheapside, whom I wished her to encourage, is the daughter of my father's most intimate friend; and though, at present, reduced to an humble station, was once in possession of abundant wealth. Those articles which are necessary for a public appearance I have always wished her to purchase wherever she might please; but many pounds might be bestowed upon depressed indigence, without interfering with fashion or taste. Ribands and laces, I should have imagined, could not have acquired any additional value from being sold in a certain Street; and it was such things as those that I ventured to request might always be bought of my unfortunate young friend.

That a man of sense should wish his wife to become president of a kitchen, is an assertion that few people would readily believe; and completely should I be shocked to see mine performing those offices which only belong to a cook. But surely, Madam, there can be no degradation in a mistress superintending her domestic affairs; and, instead of placing her property in the power of her servants, thoroughly investigating all their accounts. But, instead of this

judicious method being adopted, my wife never takes the trouble of examining a single bill; and merely takes a sketch of the sum total, without so much as even casting up the pounds.

This total inattention to my interest and fortune must, of course, deprive me of domestic peace; for what man could feel happy when the object of his affection proved that she had only married him for the sake of getting possession of his purse; and, instead of endeavouring to promote his felicity, was only studious to increase her own?

The charge exhibited against me respecting her family, for whom, she tells you, I accuse her of *embezzling my wealth*, has a greater degree of truth for its foundation than any other which she has alledged. But conceive, my dear Madam, what must have been the feelings of a husband who still retained an affection for his wife, at being informed, by one of his tradesmen, that he could not reconcile his conscience to the orders he received; which were, every week to send a portion of goods to my wife's cousin, and place their value to my account.

Petrified as I was by this intelligence, I had the power to conceal what I endured; and, whilst I applauded the man's integrity, avoided throwing the slightest censure on my wife, by informing him that I was acquainted with this mark of her affection, and approved of it, from knowing that the family were distressed.

Her appeal to you, Madam, was the result of the resolution I had formed, in consequence of the mortifying intelligence I received; which was, to part with my present establishment of servants, and have an entire new set into the house, whose accounts I intend weekly to regulate, without allowing a single bill to be paid by my wife, to whom I intend making an annual allowance for the important articles of amusement and dress.

Thus, Madam, I have given a candid statement of my misfortunes, without the most distant hope of redress; for when

when Confidence resigns her empire in our bosoms, we must for ever bid farewell to domestic peace.

Under the fictitious name of *Thrifty* I shall follow my wife's method, and conceal my own; and the only consolation which I can now experience will arise from endeavouring to derive satisfaction from the retrospect of a well-spent life, and a conviction of having fulfilled the separate duties of husband, master, and friend.

I have the honour to be, Madam,
Your obedient humble servant,
T. THRIFTY.

CURIOUS ENIGMATICAL LETTER

TO A DEAN OF WATERFORD, In 1744.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

THE following letter was written to the Dean of Waterford by a widower, the father of six children, under the fictitious name of *Elzevir*. The design of it was to invite the Dean and his company to supper, particularly Miss Elizabeth Marshall, a young lady about eighteen, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, who was lodged in the Dean's study, he having much company at that time. As I think it may afford, at this season, some entertainment, I request you will present it to your readers.

Your's, &c. T. S.

" Reverend Sir,

" I AM told there is a book which lies in your study in sheets; and all who have seen it admire that it should remain so long unbound: I think it is called *Martial's Epithalamium*, or some such name; but, lest

lest I should be mistaken in the title, I will describe it as well as I can.

"It is a fair and beautiful manuscript, the ink very black and shining, on the whitest virgin vellum that can be imagined; the characters are so nice and delicate, as to discover it to be the work of some masterly hand; and there is such symmetry and exact proportion in all its parts, and the features (if I may so call them) are so just and true, that it puts the reader often to a stand in admiring the beauties of them.

"The book has an additional ornament, which it did not want,---all the margin being flourished with gold: but that which commends it more, is, that though it has been written full eighteen years, as I have been informed, yet it is not sullied, nor stained; insomuch, that one would think it was never once turned over by any man.

"The volume itself does not appear to be of any great bulk, and yet I understand that it has been valued at thirty thousand pounds.

"'Tis pity so valuable a piece should ever be lost; and the way to prevent this, is by increasing the copies of it. If the author will give consent, and you will licence it, I will immediately put it into the press. I have all the necessary apparatus for the purpose, and a curious set of letters that were never used but in the impression of one book; and of this, too, not more than half a dozen copies, so that you must imagine they are not the worse for wearing. For my part, I will spare no pains to embellish and adorn the whole with the most natural and lively figures; and I shall not despair of producing an edition as beautiful in the eyes of all men as the dear original is at present in mine. Methinks I could read it with pleasure night and day.

"If, therefore, you will do me the favour to let me have your company this evening, and bring this incomparable piece along with you, it will add to the entertainment of every

every one, but particularly of him, who is always, with great respect,

"Reverend Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"And faithful friend,

"ELZEVIR."

ANECDOTE.

A PERSON happening to call one day upon an acquaintance, found him exercising his wife with that discipline which Jobson tries in the Farce of "The Devil to Pay;" and, being hurt at the ungenerous task undertaken by his friend, he begged of him, by all the ties of honour, to forbear; at the same time asking him the occasion of such severe treatment.

"The occasion is," said the enraged husband, "that she will not be mistress in her own house."

His friend expressed great astonishment at the answer, and remarked,——"that the omission was such as he believed no woman ever gave her husband occasion to thrash her for before."

"Ah!" said the husband, "but my wife won't be *mistress*, because she wants to be *master!*"

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

THE present Empress of Russia is sister to the Duke of Wirtemberg, who married our Princess Royal. The chief characteristic of the Empress, whose name is Mary, is sweetness of disposition. Her mildness, patience, and modesty, have been severely proved by the most rigorous and whimsical treatment. Her time is employed in a succession of duties and occupations suitable to her sex and her dignity. The education of her children, from whom

whom she was long reluctantly separated (the late Empress charging herself with their maintenance and education from their birth), is at present a great source of happiness to her. Her attention to her husband has enabled her to endure fatigues and exercises the least suitable to her sex, and her character. How often has she been seen to attend him, on horseback, at the wearisome reviews of Gatschina and Pavlofsky! Though exhausted with heat and fatigue, sometimes drenched with rain, or covered with snow, she has still, by her smiles, expressed her acquiescence.

She is, perhaps, more careful of her time, and dedicates it to more useful purposes, than any lady in Russia.---Music, painting, etching, embroidery, are the arts in which she excels, and which alleviated the solitude wherein for so many years she lived. Reading and study are with her not so much a business as a recreation; and the management of her domestic affairs, and the distribution of charities, seem happily to occupy her hours.---Tall, well-made, and still in the prime of life, she is rather handsome than pretty; she has more majesty than grace, and less wit than sentiment. She shines in all the relations of life:---she is an affectionate relation, a faithful wife, and an excellent mother. Far from forgetting her country and her relations, the splendor which surrounds her, and the distance which separates them, serve but to increase the warmth of her affection, and the vividness of her remembrance. Her numerous relations are always in her mind; her correspondence with them occupies many hours of tranquil happiness; and her felicity is doubled by making those whom she loves partakers of it. She has not, like the ambitious Catherine, flattered the Russians by adopting their manners, their language, and their prejudices; she has not attempted to gain the esteem of that people by despising her own country, and blushing at her origin; but has made herself beloved for her goodness, and respected for her virtues.

Paul

Paul never treated her with becoming respect till he became Emperor. As Grand-Duchess, she had only sixty thousand rubles (six thousand pounds) a year: on his accession, he granted her the sum of five hundred thousand rubles (fifty thousand pounds) a year, for her private expenses; promising her, at the same time, a more ample provision. The respect of Paul, however, for the Empress, is not very uniform or consistent. She was some time ago put *under an arrest* for twelve hours, for having given one of her women some trifling order which Paul did not approve. It appears, that this warlike Emperor conducts every thing in a military style, even in his bedchamber

POPISH BULL AGAINST FEMALE DRESS.

OUR Fair Countrywomen, against whom so much satire and ridicule have been directed for the scantiness of their clothing, will be glad to see how much they are outdone in their outdoings by the Dames of Italy; and how gentle are the witticisms of a Magazine compared to the Bulls of a Sovereign Priest.

The Pope, so long engaged in reducing the Gallican Church within the Catholic pale, has not been negligent of the duty of recalling the female form within the petticoat and the handkerchief; but, directing his attention to the looseness of female dress, has actually issued a Bull against it. To this disorder he ascribes all the evils which have afflicted Europe, and depressed the Church of Rome. The short petticoats and the scanty handkerchiefs of the ladies are the causes of this horrible war, with all its mischiefs. He says (we translate literally)——"The eye of a Christian can no where turn itself without encountering, abashed, the display of seductive charms, in public and private; nay, the very temples are profaned by these indecencies, &c.

"The importance of this object was deeply felt by Clement of Alexandria, who declares,——'That women should

'on

'on no account be permitted to appear before men in inde-
'cent apparel, lest the latter be led into temptation, and
'the former themselves be drawn into unrighteousness;
'when they attract the eyes of the other sex.'---His Holiness accordingly has strictly enjoined us to repress, *by fine*, or *corporal punishment*, according to the circumstances of the case, these crying enormities: he directs, too, that their punishment should be extended to such damsels as, though at first sight they appear properly attired, are nevertheless decked in *transparent* robes, and with a voluptuous and magnificent attire display themselves in very seductive and tempting attitudes. Moreover, fathers, husbands, heads of families, who weakly or negligently permit their wives, daughters, servants, &c., to trespass against these rules, shall not escape with impunity. Also, all tailors, haberdashers, milliners, and men-milliners, hair-dressers, and others, who contribute to these enormities of dress, shall in no wise pass unpunished."

The Bull goes on to state, that---" all priests, confessors, overseers, church-wardens, and others, shall in no wise admit such delinquents to the Holy Supper; that they shall not allow women improperly dressed to enter the Church; and if they come, they shall be driven out; and if they resist, the higher powers shall be required to lend their aid."

This Bull is dated at Rome, the 16th of October, 1800. In reading it, the ladies of this country must congratulate themselves on belonging to the *Reformed* Church, which secures not only freedom of opinion, but freedom of dress!

THE

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. IX.

There should be a certain inspector or auditor established to take account of these opinions and fancies in due form, and minutely to animadvert upon their several growths and habits.

SHAFTESBURY.

AS the Inspector was originally established with an idea to general utility, I shall make no apology for so far complying with the wishes of my correspondents as to introduce the following epistles.

To the Inspector.

Mr. Touchy,

FROM the attention which you have hitherto paid to my communications, I beg leave to acquaint you with my present success, and that I expect, in a little time, to reach the very summit of terrestrial enjoyment. The all-accomplished Maria, to whom I have ardently paid my addresses, has---transporting thought!---kindly consented to complete the measure of my happiness.——Oh! Mr. Touchy, such a profusion of beauty---of excellence---of genuine tenderness, I never before met with! Such an air---such expression!——in short, Sir, she appears every thing the heart could wish for.

Does the idea inspire no tender emotions?——I fear you have become quite insensible to the softer impressions; but,

--------"What is life without love?
"Sweet passion of love!"

I am at this moment so rapt in the dear delirium, that it almost compels me to recant my former expressions. Is it not hard that the whole sex should suffer for the levities of a few individuals?——But more of that hereafter; as also

of being made acquainted in due time with the termination of this interesting affair, as well as of the future happiness of

CYNTHIO.

To the Inspector.

Mr. Touchy,

As your very laudable institution is professedly calculated for public benefit, and consequently open to general appeal, I am induced to apply to you on an affair of the greatest importance. You must know, Sir, that I am just upon the point of gaining the consent of a beautiful young lady with an immense fortune; but, as pecuniary motives are not altogether primary considerations, allow me to enquire if the Inspector is acquainted with any particular foibles of Miss Sophia ———, and what character she supports in the opinion of your respectable society. One would not, you know, willingly be tied to a shrew. Your information will be greatly esteemed by,

Sir,

Your's, &c.

PETER PENNYLESS.

To Mr. Pennyless.

Sir,

I AM desired by the members of the Inspection club to inform you, that, as their efforts are to be exerted for the mutual interests of society, they are not as yet determined whether any information of this nature can be granted, as such proceeding might frequently be productive of serious consequences. They likewise embrace this opportunity of informing all whom it may concern, that they are actuated by a nobler motive than the mere gratification of impertinent curiosity. At present, no strangers are allowed to inspect the journals, unless introduced

duced by a member of the club, and their good conduct answered for accordingly.

TOM TOUCHY.

To the Inspector.

STRANGE alterations now-a-days, Mr. Touchy! The men seem to have lost their discernment, and the women their modesty: as there is now scarcely any thing left for the imagination to dwell upon, your sex are continually railing against matrimony. I am not surprized at it: as the infatuation must extend, in some degree, to the more penetrative, the prudent part of our sex suffer equally with the reprehensible; but methinks, however desirable a reformation might be, there was hardly any necessity for such an institution as your's; as I could enumerate, in my little vicinity, several serious sober-minded females of the last century every way deserving of suitable companions. But, Sir, if you are determined to continue in the exercise of your judicial authority, be not so anxious to conceal the offenders: name them, Mr. Touchy, and openly point them out as proper objects of censure; for, I assure you, I have suffered very materially from your clandestine imputations in a late Paper. As it is generally acknowledged that I possess some good qualities, the young flirts were ready to embrace such an opportunity for depreciating my character; and, in order to vent their spleen for the envy I have frequently excited in them (when my superior understanding has engaged the attention of some sensible man, whom they have ineffectually endeavoured to allure by a display of all their feminine charms and graces), they were unanimous in affirming, that either I, or some of my select friends, were the person or persons alluded to. But, Sir, I rely on your impartiality to do justice to my character, and beg that in future you will use no fictitious signatures; as, by so doing, the censure may not only injure the innocent, which would be a double

triumph to the guilty, but also render you disagreeable to those whom it should be your highest ambition to gratify.

PRUDENCE TOOGOOD.

To the Inspector.

Sir,

I SHOULD before now have replied to your late sarcasms, perhaps too unpolitely, had not the compliment you paid to my virtues been the means of giving me a very high opinion of Mr. Touchy's superior judgment: yes, Sir,

"I very well knew whom you meant to affront;"

but modesty restrained my inclination, till I was convinced that publicly to acquiesce in the admonition would palliate the offence. It is some consolation to have a knowledge of the informant: I do not know how the idea originated, but it was confidently whispered, at the time, that the silent gentleman in green was a member of the Inspection club; but I would have him beware how he again obtrudes himself into the company of any of the same party.

I assure you, Sir, the ladies in this neighbourhood have been much surprized that you should make our fashions the subject of your animadversions: we would willingly allow you the privilege of superintending our manners; but our dresses must not by any means be suffered to come under your inspection, otherwise I suppose we should soon become as antiquated as some of our neighbours.

Do you know, Mr. Touchy, I have at length had an opportunity of being even with Mrs. —— I beg your pardon——I would say Miss Toogood, as it was for some time; and I assure you I made the most of it: it is now generally believed that she was the lady who had violated the rules prescribed to decency. The provoking creature had the effrontery to insinuate that Captain Okely preferred her company to mine; but, Sir, it was no such thing; for the

the Captain declared, upon his honour, that I was the most captivating soul he ever met with.——Ah! sweet creature, he is now facing the enemy! Heavens shield and preserve him from the dangers incident to such a perilous situation! When shall we again enjoy the sweets of peace, and taste once more the exquisite delights of domestic happiness in the arms of our several lovers and husbands!

"Hadst thou but tasted once the thousandth part
"Of joys which bless the lov'd and loving heart,
"Your words repentant, and your sighs, would prove—
"Lost is the time which is not spent in love!"

Since you seem determined to exercise your jurisdiction over our fashions, rather than further subject ourselves to your censorial displeasure, we would, for the present at least, allow you some authority over that department. In a party of about half a dozen select female friends, where I had lately the honour to preside, it was universally allowed, that nothing is more charmingly becoming than the patch, properly applied. Now, dear Touchy, since we have condescended to regulate this important article by your determination, might we be allowed not only to practise the patch, but also to place it, as the occasion may prompt, with impunity? If this indulgence should appear too unlimited, you will please to say what number we may occasionally extend them to.

BELINDA.

Answer.---The Inspector is willing to allow the patches to be in proportion to the dimples, provided each patch be so placed as to conceal one of those bewitching beauties.

X.

Stockton upon Tees.

ON DELUSIONS IN COURTSHIP.

NOTHING has been more lamented by wise and good men than the practice amongst us of deceiving one another with regard to our worldly circumstances, and our characters, before marriage. Much evil and unhappiness is occasioned by discovering too late how wofully we have been deceived by false representations of this sort. The husband and wife are equally fated to endure ill-nature and poverty in their marriage state, where they expected good-nature, affection, and competence. If they were both more candid, they would be both happier; and, to that end, I would warn them of their danger by the saying of Plato:——

"He that fisheth with poison, catcheth fish, but evil and corrupted; so they that endeavour to get their husbands or wives by *deceits* or charms, may easily get them; but they were better ungotten."

H.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

YOUR entertaining work has often taken into consideration the relative capacities of each sex. I wish to point out the danger of educating our sisters and daughters in a belief of the certain inferiority of their intellectual powers. This enervating idea drinks up the spirit of exertion, and leaves them sunk in indolence and folly; besides, how are they to blame for the errors of passion, and the mistakes of sentiment, if they are incapable of judging?---No just person resents the weakness of an idiot, or accuses of wilfulness a blind-folded person for stumbling.

If women are naturally weak, why is sincerity, forbearance, or wisdom, expected from them?---An unwarrantable

able prejudice opposes their improvement, and induces a system of education which annihilates every noble propensity. A girl having acquired a few simple rudiments, merely as a secondary consideration, is told to dress, that by that means her aided charms may procure her a husband, that she may settle in life. These documents render her frivolous, unmeaning, and mercenary; she opposes, with envy, calumny, and deceit, that part of her sex who clash with *her* interests:—hence the child of error finishes the cold-hearted adept of selfishness and dissimulation.

Were there a seminary of boys conducted on these principles, would not every exalted sentiment and feeling become also absorbed and lost? Would *they* not exhibit a strong instance of weak judgment and improper conduct? —Indeed, with innumerable advantages, this sex boast at present but little pre-eminence. On the other hand, I would not recommend, pursuant to Mrs. Wolstonecraft's ideas, a system of Amazonian education for females: I would see only a more liberal plan adopted, so as to promote not only the softer virtues which induce *sensibility*, but likewise cultivate the *judgment*, that it might temper the feelings, and direct a conduct alike influenced by mildness and reason. Cleanliness and a little fashion ought on no account to be neglected. The auxiliaries of dress render us not only amiable in the eyes of others, but refine our own ideas, and give a chasteness to the imagination.

Did a female discover great promptitude of genius, I would have it improved by cultivation, and suffer her to pursue, unrestricted, literary researches. If I saw her mistaken in herself, I would convince her, mildly, that in another pursuit she would appear more amiable. Neither every woman, nor every man, is born to be *great*: the disposition and sentiments ought to be studied, and properly guided. The same indulgence which restores one invalid may destroy another. The pursuit must be fitted to the mind; the mind can seldom be fitted to the pursuit. Procrustes ordered his victims to be fitted to an iron bed; if they were

too

too large, they, perhaps, incurred amputation; if too small, they were stretched and racked to its dimensions. These tortures are often inflicted on young minds by the arbitrary and undiscerning; and the object of such experiments must almost become a martyr.

The very character who in a great and arduous situation knows not how to act, and meets contempt, in a private circle might prove valuable; whilst another, who in an humble sphere writhes under the torments of ambition, and is at last incited by strong-perverted intellect to become an outcast and a wretch, might, under different circumstances, have dawned the luminary of the world.

F. S.

THE CARNIVAL AT PARIS.

SOME lively and pleasant adventures have taken place at the late Carnival; at which many of the officers returned from the army were resolved to try the affections of their mistresses. The following event actually occurred at a celebrated house near the Rue Honoré.

A young officer had formed the determination of trying the constancy and the affections of his mistress: the lady, by some means or other, became acquainted with his determination, and resolved to punish him for his injurious doubts. The lover appeared, in masquerade, with a letter from himself, in which he informs her that he has found a fairer and a dearer mistress in Italy, and takes his leave of her for ever. He expected that this news would have affected the lady:——no such thing. She smiled; said it was a strange coincidence; declared that her affections had also undergone a change; and presented him a letter for her former lover, announcing the intelligence. The officer immediately threw off his disguise to upbraid her with her perfidy. The fair one laughed; the lover stormed; till, at length, an explanation took place, in which he found out that

that his mistress had adopted this expedient only to punish him.

This adventure has been made the subject of a song, and the officer has not escaped without some pretty severe jokes upon having the tables so turned upon him.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

I AM a young man of very unfixed principles, in possession of a good estate; but now, in real despair, solicit your advice. You are to understand that my ambition is to be a man of fashion; and to be thought such, I have vainly imitated my gay companions. Though my constitution is delicate, I have never gone to bed for some months till three or four in the morning; and though drinking is my aversion, never flinch from the bottle; though morning ever dawns on me, sick and in pain:---then I play deep, though I hate it; keep ladies I never see; subscribe to authors I never read; have horses I never ride, and lodgings I never enter. Sometimes I am fashionably near-sighted; and the black riband of my pendant quizzing glass contrasts the white of my high cravat. Then, again, I prefer a full and vacant stare; by turns I wear a wig; am a crop, or dress my head *à la Brutus*. I have not scrupled to wear brown paint, like other gentlemen, to increase the manliness of my appearance; nor to gape and stare at the women; nor to walk past them without deigning to look at them; nor to assume pride and reserve, or apathy, or rudeness, as suited the caprice of fashion: yes, Sir, all this I have done, but in vain. I never can be a man of fashion, because, unfortunately, I am not devoid of feeling. I have been found conversing with *quizzes* of both sexes, without *hoaxing* them: I have smiled instead of sneering; and, instead of repulsing, have been good-natured. I have been

been detected holding a smelling-bottle to the nose of a lady fainting; relieving an old sailor; and even reading, in the street, a widow's petition, which she put into my hand. I have *hesitated* to seduce innocence; given ladies the wall; and, once, even left a string of beaux to avoid pushing another off the pavement:---these were *crimes* not to be tolerated among youths of fashion. But a kind friend of mine undertook to reason me out of them, and might have succeeded in restoring me to their good opinions, if a parcel of them had not one morning surprized me in my dressing-room at prayers, which occasioned me, without further trial, to be immediately voted to Coventry.

Your's,

CANDIDUS.

☞ Since *Nature* has destined Candidus for a *man of feeling*, the only advice we can give him, is, *not* to dishonour the character by becoming a *man of fashion*. The contemptible ephemera of the day are devoid of passions and understanding: and no person of sense would belong to such a class.

A BON MOT OF DOCTOR BROWN.

THE late celebrated Doctor Brown for many years addressed a favourite lady, in the hope of inducing her to become his wife; but, in spite of a strong and persevering attachment, she at length positively denied his suit.

During the time his hopes were kept alive, the lady in question was his constant toast; but, the moment they were extinguished by a *positive refusal*, he resolved to decline the diurnal practice.

A gentleman, not acquainted with Brown's disappointment, said,——"Come, Doctor, let us drink your *favourite toast*."

"No," replied the Doctor, "I have *toasted* her many years, and yet I cannot make her *Brown*; therefore, my friend, I shall give up the employment, and toast one whom I may colour with a greater degree of ease!"

LITE-

LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

IN the "Night Thoughts," book 4, line 118, we read ——"Man wants but little, nor that little long."--- The reader cannot but observe the coincidence of thought and language between this and the following passage in Goldsmith's "Edwin and Angelina:"——

"Then, pilgrim, turn---thy cares forego,
"All earthborn cares are wrong:
"Man wants but little here below,
"Nor wants that little long."

P.

CURIOUS BILL,

Lately delivered to the Representatives of the Radnor Family, for Repairs performed by a Tradesman of Truro, in Cornwall, on a Monument of that Family in Truro Church.

TO putting one new foot to Mr. John Roberts, 2s. 6d.; mending his other, 6d.; putting seven new buttons to his coat, 8½d.; a new string to his breeches knee, 3d. Two new feet to Philippa, his wife, 6s. 6d.; mending her eyes, and putting a new nosegay in her hand, 2s. 6d. Two new hands and a nose to the Captain, 5s. 9d. To two new hands, and mending the nose of his wife, 4s.; repairing her eyes, and putting a new cuff to her gown, 1s. 8d. To making and fixing two new wings on Time's shoulders, 3s. 9d; making a new great toe, 1s.; mending the handle of his scythe, and putting a new blade to it, 1s. 6½d.—— Total, 1*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*

NEW

NEW AND FASHIONABLE ARTICLES OF FURNITURE.

Pembroke Tables---OF mahogany, plain and inlaid. The top slides off, and presents to view a back-gammon table; reversing the top, and returning it to its place, a draft and cribbage-board appears. This may be considered as one of the most complete articles ever made, for neatness, convenience, and durability.

Hexagonal Lamps,---With transparent paintings, are becoming fashionable in the inner halls of our leaders of *ton*. They are ornamented, after the Chinese manner, with a great number of gilt bells.

Convex Mirrors---Are the general ornaments used in the eating-rooms of persons of rank, in a plain, but highly burnished, gold frame; at the top, a foliage of laurel, used as an introduction to a bronzed eagle, which appears with extended wings in the act of flying away with the whole: at the bottom, the laurel likewise appears, from which branches forth a three-light lustre, which being illuminated, the mirror appears to great advantage from the clear reflecting light the glass throws over the room. The pier glass has been long exploded, and no article has fashion introduced for a long time which so well supplies the deficiency as the one now described.

Ladies' Commode, or Dressing Table,---Which draws out the same as a writing-desk, and may be used as such. It opens by means of springs, when two dressing glasses, revolving on an axis, fly up, one on each side, under which is the necessary apparatus of boxes, &c.; in the centre is a bason for washing, and two cocks, one for turning on the water, the other for letting it off. Pipes for the water communicate from the table to the cistern.

Hexagonal Tables---Of pure white marble, with a moulding of brass, and inlaid about an inch round the top with brass, *diamond cut*, on a black ground; three legs support the

the table, richly carved, and painted in black and gold: the form entirely antique. The use of these tables is for tea or coffee.

Transparent Hand Screens----Are very generally used. The subjects either gothic cathedrals, romantic cottages, or terrific towers.

Fire Screens.---The most fashionable ones are hexagonal and oval; white and gold are very beautiful. A spiral frame, supported by three legs, each angle ornamented with lions' heads in gold, from which are suspended chains and tassels of the same. The devices are generally transparent paintings; the principal scenes from "Pizarro."

Chairs.---Instead of a set of chairs having only two with arms, the whole are now made so. The arms form a curve from the top of the back down to the cushion.

Baize Carpets,---Wove of superior texture to the general articles of the kind, are used as light and cool substitutes for other carpets, during summer. In bedchambers they are preferred to all others, from their convenience of removal. The colours are printed of every form and pattern, and are very beautiful.

Hall Chairs---Of mahogany, with eagle feet; the legs carved in flutes; the back open; up the center, the battle-axe, with appropriate emblems: at the top are the heads of two eagles, which form a curve inwards; in the beak of each is a ring. The carved work of the wings, &c., is beautiful. In the center, above the battle-axe, an oval is introduced for the family crest.

Library Shelves for a Lady's Study.---White ground, with gold twisted ropes and tassels. A carved drapery overhangs of mazarine blue, edged with gold. This article is peculiar for its novelty, and light elegant appearance.

Chimney Ornaments.---Instead of the table clock, a very pleasing device is substituted for the vacant space over the chimney: it is a painting of a village church, whereon the hands on the dial-plate perform their natural motion by means of a windmill on a distant eminence. The glowing

teints of Nature are exhibited with much warmth of colouring, and in a variety of forms, on the wide-spreading landscape, which is intersected with woods and lakes.

The Patent Organ.---In the drawing-rooms of people of fashion, organs are now introduced upon a new principle. They are made in the form of a commode, with a marble top; in the front, brass wire doors, with green silk curtains. Each organ has twelve tunes, which, when set a-going, will play through the whole without further assistance. The pipes are much superior to the generality of those articles; the sounds are soft, and full of harmony. The plan upon which they are introduced is as singular as novel: the organ is placed in such a position as to give music to two rooms at once, by the following ingenious contrivance.---In the drawing-room it is a fixture over the convex mirrors, and on it are placed *or moulu* girandoles, &c.; candelabras are set on each side: a communication is cut through the floor; a pipe is there introduced from the organ, which extends through the ceiling of the eating-parlour below, and there it appears in the shape of a gilt trumpet. To give additional effect to the deception, a transparent lamp is suspended from the trumpet by four gilt chains; and that is not without its use, being the means of giving additional light to the sideboard placed underneath.

The elegance of the article, the peculiar melody of its tones and the singularity of the plan upon which they are introduced, make much noise in the fashionable world, as it is a most *unique* and tasteful appendage to the apartments of the great and opulent.

Drawing-room Chairs,---In gold, white and gold, rose wood and gold; but the most fashionable are of black and gold. The seats are upon a new invention, turning upon an axis by means of a spring: in a moment you have either a dining or drawing-room chair. The first is of red or black morocco leather; the last white satin, with a group of figures printed thereon. The chairs are made light, the back

back square, the seat round. The usual price is five guineas a piece.

Writing Tables,---Which turn into library steps, are among the most complete articles of ingenious mechanism.

Toilette Glasses,---Upon a swivel, in mahogany frames, about six feet high, enable a fine woman to contemplate her charms from head to foot.

Dumb Waiters,---Of three and four tier, are a great improvement upon that useful article of furniture, the sides turning down the same way as a round table.

Ladies' Moveable Libraries,---In satin, rose, and japan wood, with fluted pillars, compartments for books, and secretaire below: they are very handsome.

Drawing-room Pier Tables,---Or commodes, made of rose-wood and gold; gilt wire door, with green silk curtains; tops of statuary and other marble.

Parlour Chairs---Of mahogany, with square backs, covered with plain black leather, and brass mouldings.

Girandoles,---With convex mirrors, in carved and gold frames, with branches and foliage; others that form a bandeau of flowers, in which are introduced branches for lights, suspended by gold cords from the beaks of bronzed eagles.

Library Tables,---By means of a wince, you make fall and rise at pleasure, so as to form a standing or sitting desk. It contains drawers on each side.

French Curtains.---Chintz, printed calicoes, in the style of the antique, elegantly festooned in many folds, double draperies on each side, trimmed with a very deep fringe---brown the fashionable colour. Gilt cornices, with gold balls at the top; a bronzed vase in the centre, supported by pelicans or eagles.

Retiring Dumb Waiters---Of an oblong form, made of mahogany; the lower part with partitions, and tin cases for plates, dishes, knives, &c.; the upper part, three dozen recesses are formed for wine and beer glasses. This invention is intended to obviate the necessity of servants frequently entering the dining-room to remove; for, by this

improvement, the whole may be rolled away at once, by means of the socket-castors affixed. They are made to go under the sideboard.

Drinking Tables,---Made round, on claws, with divisions in the centre for six bottles, lined with lead, and recesses around for ice; over the whole goes a false top, and then it is a fashionable breakfast table.

The Fashionable Beds---Are with canopy and dome tops, painted cornices, and curtains festooned. Mattresses, and beds bordered and raised to the height of four feet; folding steps on each side to ascend. The furniture pattern is after the antique. The form of the curtains, at the head of the bed, is in festoons; the draperies very full, made of printed chintz calicoes, and others of smaller patterns; the border plain. Yellow, pink, and drab, are the most prevailing colours.

Patent Retiring Stoves---On the Rumford plan, by means of which the fire is extinguished in a moment, by pushing the grate into the chimney, over which a false back falls. By the same method, the fire may be kept in, and not seen, owing to the flue being kept open.

Chimney Glasses---Are made to fit the pannel, with plain gilt mouldings.

Ladies' Cabinets---Are made of rose and cedar, the upper part ornamented with very beautiful paintings on glass; the subject either portraits or landscapes. The lakes of Windermere and Cumberland have a pleasing effect, from the soft teint the colours possess on the above article.

Fire Screens---Made of rose wood, which open at top by means of a flap, and exhibit a lady's secretaire and writing desk, are a very handsome article for a lady's study, &c.

A TABLE CLOCK.

CHIMNEY ornaments are now as much in vogue as formerly; and few persons of fashion are without that tasteful appendage to an elegant drawing-room, denominated

minated a Table Clock. The following is a description of a newly-invented article of the kind, perfectly *unique*, and at the same time the most magnificent ever before seen in this country.---

A beautiful Venus is reclining on a superb car, drawn by two swans, and guided by Cupid, who holds the reins, and appears in a flying position over the head of the goddess. Adonis, with his horn and dog, is following the car in a supplicating posture. On the base are two Cupids, in *basso relievo:* one is forging arrows, the other is setting the points on a grindstone. In the centre are two hearts united by an arrow, and under is a handsome coronet. The whole is superbly gilt in frosted gold. The figures are exquisitely modelled; particularly that of Venus: her face is uncommonly beautiful. The mechanism is confined within the body of the car, the wheel of which forms the dial-plate, and the pendulum performs its regular motion within the base.

A LADY'S JEWEL.

A VERY beautiful article has been lately imported from India, taken among the spoils of Tippoo's palace at Seringapatam. It has been exhibited in the fashionable circles, and much admired. It is a lady's dressing or work box, made of sandal wood, elegantly inlaid with silver stars, and mounted with ebony and many kinds of coloured ivory, so admirably contrived, and the workmanship is so well executed, as to appear in various forms with the most perfect exactness.

In the inside is a mirror, with all the necessary apparatus attached to its use; and in a part distinct is the work-table, with every article to encourage good housewifery in the lovely possessor. The workmanship of this costly article is so minute, that the eye tires in dwelling on its beauties: every piece of ebony, and every piece of ivory, is not

larger than a pin's head. The studs of silver are introduced in the form of a star, surrounding the ebony and the ivory: each of these stars is not bigger than a pea; and the number of stars on the top alone amount to several hundred.

Its size is about that of a small trunk; and so highly has it imbibed the smell of the sandal wood and other perfumes, as to dispense the most agreeable odour in the room where it is placed.

FASHIONABLE MALADY AT PARIS.

PARIS, the Republican, is now more obsequious to the empire of fashion than in the most polished days of the Monarchy. Nothing escapes the all-pervading influence of fashion;---even the physical constitution of the French ladies seem at present to be regulated by it. Formerly, a delicate frame, very little *embonpoint*, and somewhat of a pale sickly complexion, constituted the charms of a fine lady; but, now, the constitution must be athletic, the complexion bloomy, together with a proper degree of *embonpoint*.

The complaints to which the Parisian Belles are subject have also been new-modelled by the fashion. The megrim, vapours, &c. &c., are become vulgar in the extreme. The fashion has now decided in favour of *nervous* diseases; and as, according to Madam Stael, the human species is daily advancing to perfection, it is just to infer, that the diseases of the nerves are much more happily imagined than the megrim and vapours; and, indeed, a *Crispation of the Nerves* must render a pretty woman much more interesting than syncope and fainting fits. A nervous attack heightens the bloom of the complexion, makes keener lightnings play from the eye, and gives a much more expressive animation to the whole figure; besides, the kind of convulsion which then agitates the whole frame most admirably developes the

the shape and contour of every limb, and tends to reveal a thousand unexplored charms. When a lady faints, she necessarily loses the use of her tongue; but a nervous fit adds wonderfully to its volubility, which must be confessed to be an incalculable advantage; for it allows them to express every thing that comes into their head, whether prompted by love, hatred, anger, admiration, or contempt; reproaches to their husbands, blandishments to their lovers, &c., every thing is put to the score of the nervous agitation.

Formerly, in fainting fits, heat was applied, and the patient was carefully covered from head to foot: a Crispation of the Nerves requires, on the contrary, that every part should be exposed to the air; the fischu must be taken off: ---it suffocates Madame. Every thing must be loosened;--- they impede the movements of the chest. You must permit the patient to throw herself into every attitude she pleases; and the less she is covered, the less, you may be sure, she will suffer. All the resources of coquetry have often been known to fail; but nothing can withstand the sight of a nervous Crispation. Even Joseph Andrews would have melted, had Lady Booby known the secret ascendancy of a nervous fit.

FROM MR. TELLWELL, A BANKER'S CLERK,

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE *number* of uneasy sensations which I have endured since your departure are beyond the reach of arithmetic: I am oppressed with the *weight* of them. I do not mean to *subtract* from the goodness of your parents; but why would they *divide* our persons, when they knew that our hearts were *consolidated*?---How are my uneasinesses *multiplied!* Were you my *omnium* in this world, here I should want no *addition* to my happiness. *Figure* to yourself my situation, and you will pity me. I know

know very well that I ought to have patience; but I cannot *reduce* my sentiments to *practice.* Your absence makes such *fractions* in my ideas, that I hardly know what I write. If I write not agreeably to the *rule* of reason, I hope you will make *grains* of allowance; for, in the condition I am in, I cannot pretend to *weigh* every syllable in the *balance* of correctness: I hope, therefore, that you will let the *scale* of candour preponderate in my behalf. If you cannot forgive all the *fluxions* of my pen, at least pity them: it is very hard, upon many occasions, *to draw the line* of propriety; but, if I offend in *this*, I will promise to turn over *a new leaf.* If I am out of *your* books, I shall be driven to despair; for you will find, upon *casting up* the contents of this letter, that *the sum total* is,---excessive love.

TIMOTHY TELLWELL.

THE FEMALE SPY.

[From "The Oracle."]

"..... Shoot Folly as she flies,
And catch the living Manners as they rise.
POPE.

YES, I *am* a Spy, but not an ill-natured one. My comments on the press, on the manners, and on the morals of the age, will from this æra be frequent, but shall not convey undeserved censure; a love of satire shall not promote my investigations: yet, since "ridicule is the test of truth," as Lord Shaftesbury elegantly observes, I may now and then make use of it, as a proper weapon to disarm Folly. When I observe errors, I wish to point them out, because it is my duty to suggest an amendment, as beneficial to the community in general. Hardly were my intentions to *observe* made known, when I found myself become an object of distrust and dislike. The young Beaux, whose complexions of artificial brown expressed undaunt-

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ed manliness, pulling up their cravats, unanimously declared——"*A learned woman is an insufferable bore!*"—whilst the Belles of *ton*, habited *à la Grec*, nodded their high plumes at me with a significant air, uttering, in a stage-whisper, their "aversion to authors."

A pacific smile was my only reply to these symptoms of hostility: I wanted them to see that I was to be approached without danger; but they kept aloof. Yet, my Fair Countrywomen, I meditate no unjust satire in marking those defects sanctioned by *fashionable life:* I consult only your welfare. And, gentlemen, be not offended with a woman, for discovering that her intellectual attainments are superior to your own. Blame her not for reprobating unmanly indulgencies in *dress* and *fopperies*, unworthy your *arrogated* dignity; nor for attacking the dissolute morals, now so prevalent. Recollect, that effeminateness, and licentious tenets, accelerated the declension of Greece and Rome. Should no one endeavour to retard their undermining influence, the *present* age may, too, be injured, and Nature suffer new degradation.

From my own Apartments.

TO THE FEMALE SPY.

LETTER I.

When we read such writers, it is hardly possible not to turn from modern sceptics and sciolists with something more than neglect: if to their philosophy they add witticism and ribaldry, they are nauseous; if to their ribaldry they join folly and gross ignorance, they should be driven from our fellowship with contempt.

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

Madam,

FINDING that you intend to comment on the manners and morals of the age, I thus take the liberty of soliciting your advice. I have a very good father, with whom I live, and am about seventeen. A young gentleman has lately

lately paid me his addresses, but clandestinely; and, when I tell him to ask my father's consent, he says,——"Marriage is the tie of fools, and that his love disdains the trammels of custom:"---and, moreover, he has lent me a book, called "Political Justice," which, he says, is to remove all my prejudices. I have read a little of this by stealth, but it only adds to my perplexity. Dear Madam, advise me how to act.

I am, with great esteem,
Your's,
MARTHA WAVERING.

LETTER II.

Learned Madam,

THOUGH I have no reason to like learned people, I thought it not amiss to ask your advice; for I have a daughter not very pretty, but well enough disposed till lately, when a shabby sort of gentleman, full of hard words, lent her a book, called "The Rights of Women." Since which, if I tell her to make a pie, she says,---her soul soars above such employ; or, if I bid her mend her clothes, answers,---that, in lieu of the steel bar, she means, by wielding the *pen*, to transmit her name to posterity. If I talk of a pudding, she curses it to my face, and goes to scribble in the parlour, with this half-starved scholar, what she calls her "Essay on the Sun of Female Genius emerging from the Mists of Prejudice."---If I talk of a custard, she mentions the *acmé*; and when I maintain that meat is better roasted, tells me that I am prejudiced, and swallows food half raw, like a cannibal. Pray, Madam, let me know what I had best do to recover her to reason.

And am your humble servant,
KITTY OLD SCHOOL.

ON

ON THE USE OF TEA.

IT is curious to observe the revolution which has taken place, within a century, in the constitutions of the inhabitants of Europe, among whom inflammatory diseases more rarely occur than formerly. It is evident that so great a revolution could not be effected without the concurrence of many causes; but, amongst these, I apprehend, the present general use of tea holds the first and principal rank. The second place may, perhaps, be allotted to excess in spirituous liquors. This pernicious custom, in many instances at least, owes its rise to the former, which, by the lowness and depression of spirits it occasions, renders it almost necessary to have recourse to what is cordial and exhilarating: and hence proceed those odious and disgraceful habits of intemperance, with which too many of every degree are now, alas! chargeable.

Green and bohea tea are equally bitter, &c.: from this exact similarity in so many circumstances, one should be led to suppose, that there would be no sensible diversity in their operation on the living body; but the fact is otherwise. Green tea is much more sedative and relaxant than bohea; and the finer the species of tea is, the more debilitating and pernicious are its effects, as I have frequently observed in others, and experienced in myself. This seems to be a proof, that the mischiefs ascribed to this oriental vegetable do not arise from the warm vehicle by which it is conveyed into the stomach, but chiefly from its own peculiar qualities; and these qualities probably accompany the highly-flavoured parts of the leaves, and depend upon the nicety and care observed in the collection and preparation of them. When fresh gathered, they are said to be narcotic, and to disorder the senses; and the Chinese cautiously abstain from the use of them till they have been kept twelve months.

It

It is remarkable, that only one species of the tea plant is yet discovered, and all the varieties of this dietetic article of commerce are owing either to the difference of climate, or to the diversity in the method of curing it. The fine green teas, which are the first crop of the shrub, are gathered with the utmost caution, and dried with the gentlest heat, that their perishable flavour may be preserved. The bohea teas are more hastily exsiccated, and even slightly parched over the fire, by which they acquire that brown colour which distinguishes them; and, as their more volatile parts are dissipated by this management, they become proportionably less injurious to the nervous system.

Experiments demonstrate, that the pernicious effects of tea depend on its more volatile parts, which are dissipated in a great degree by long keeping, by hasty drying, or by reducing it to the form of an extract. I have seen and tasted of such an extract, made in the East Indies, which, though bitter and astringent, was by no means unpalatable. A preparation of this kind, dissolved in hot water, would be a good substitute for the leaves of the plant.

However cogent the objections may be against the general and too frequent use of tea, candour obliges me to acknowledge, that it is capable of being applied to very important medicinal purposes. From its sedative power, and the weakness which it suddenly induces, it might be administered with advantage in ardent and inflammatory fevers, in order to abate the force, and lessen the inordinate action, of the *vis vitæ*. In such cases, it should be given either in substance, or in infusion; and, besides allaying the troublesome sensations of heat and thirst, which are the constant concomitants of these distempers, it would probably serve as a good substitute for some of the usual evacuations; and thus, instead of producing watchfulness, which is a common effect ascribed to it in weak habits, it would in all likelihood prove the safest and most salutary opiate. After a full meal, when the stomach is oppressed, the head pained, and the pulse beats high, tea is a grateful

grateful diluent, and agreeable sedative; and as studious, sedentary men are particularly subject to indigestion and the head-ach, it is on this account justly styled "the poet's friend."

P.

SKETCH OF LAVATER.

THIS celebrated Physiognomist, who lately died at Zurich, has been for many years one of the most famous men in Europe.

He was an humble country clergyman of good education, a warm fancy, and a natural acuteness of discernment. In this situation, and with these qualities, he was accidentally led to turn his attention, in a particular manner, to the expression of human sentiment and character in the varied conformation of the countenance, head, and other parts of the frame; in the complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes, in the temperament of health, &c. He perceived that, in all these, not only transient passion, but even the more permanent qualities of character, are often very distinctly expressed. He carried his observations, in this way, much further than any other person had before advanced: success inflamed his imagination, and he became an enthusiast in the study of physiognomy. The opinions relative to it, which he propagated, were a medley of acute observation, ingenious conjecture, and wild reverie: they were divulged by him in conversation, and in a multitude of fragments, which he and his disciples soon assembled into volumes. Novelty, mystery, and the dreams of enthusiasm, have inexpressible charms for the multitude: every man was eager to learn to read his neighbour's heart in his face. In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, even in Britain, all the world became passionate admirers of the physiognomical science of Lavater.

His books, published in the German language, were multiplied by many editions. A servant would, at one time, scarcely be hired till the descriptions and engravings of Lavater had been consulted, in careful comparison, with the lines and features of the young man's or woman's countenance. The same system was eagerly translated into the French language; and as the insight into character and secret intention, which it promised, was infinitely grateful to female curiosity, all the pretenders to wit, taste, and fashion, among the lively women of France, soon became distractedly fond of it. It was talked of as a science susceptible of mathematical certainty; and was applauded as capable of endowing man with the power of omniscient intuition into the hearts and intentions of his fellows.

Two well-executed translations naturalized the same books of Lavater in the English language: this naturalization was requisite to show us the fallacy of his pretensions. The wanderings of imagination, the dreams referable to no scientific principles, even the occasional effusions of sublimity and pathos which those books displayed, might interest the curious remarker on human genius and character; but served, at the same time, to evince to the sound sense and shrewd discernment of Englishmen, that physiognomy was but an idle study; the amusement---it might be---of the wise; the delusion of fools. The multitude run ever in extremes; and, notwithstanding the labours of Dr. H. Hunter and Mr. Holcroft, the writings of Lavater have been since treated, in England, with a slighting disregard that does injustice to their genuine merits.

The physiognomical delirium of the weak excited, also, in Germany the derision of the witty and the wise. The Physiognomical Travels, or Physiognomical Quixote, of the celebrated Musæus, the preceptor of Kotzebue, was written in ridicule of the dreams and pursuits of Lavater and his physiognomical disciples: its effect was, in Germany, powerful to the confusion of Lavaterism, and it raised its author at once to a splendid literary reputation.

But,

But, even after the first charm had been dissolved, Lavater still retained many disciples: he continued to cultivate physiognomy, and was still eagerly visited by travellers passing near the place of his residence. By some of his adversaries he was idly and unjustly accused as an insidious Jesuit, who, under pretensions about physiognomy, pursued some vast and mischievous designs. His theological opinions took a colour from his physiognomical ones, and he became the abhorrence of the orthodox. His private life was simple, and even devoutly pious. His wife had become, as well as himself, a great physiognomist. He was always an early riser, and used never to take his breakfast till he had, in his own mind, earned it by the performance of some literary task.

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XXI.

ANNE Baynard was born at Preston, in Lancashire, being the only child of Dr. Edward Baynard, Fellow of the College of Physicians, London (a gentleman of a very antient and genteel family), by Anne, his wife, daughter of Robert Rawlinson, of Carke, in the same County, Esquire. Her father observing her elegant and sprightly genius, together with a natural propensity to learning, gave her a very liberal education, which she improved to the best and noblest advantages.

But the character of this lady cannot be better, nor indeed so well, described as has been done by the ingenious and learned John Prude, M.A., in the sermon which he preached at the parish church of Barnes, in Surry, June 16, 1697; in which he gives not a panegyric on her virtues, but a fair narrative of them: for, in the introductory part of his discourse, he tells us,——"that, as the learned and ingenious young gentlewoman did never make a show of any fondness or affectation in her outward dress when

living, so a plain and ordinary one may be the better excused, now she was dead."---In speaking of her attainments, ——"What I shall say," says he, "in relation to her learning, perhaps, may find but indifferent entertainment in this age, when it is become a fashion, more than ever, for young women to spend the greatest portion of their time in ornamentals, in preparing modish and accomplished dresses for the body; whilst little or no time is laid aside to adorn the soul with decent and useful knowledge.

"The Apostle St. Paul, indeed, acquaints us with certain women in his time who were always learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth; but she was none of those women, but rather might truly say (however unwilling she might be to say it), with David,---'I have more understanding than my teachers---I understand more than the antients:'---for, as for learning, whether it be to know and understand natural causes and events; to know the courses of the sun, moon, and stars; the qualities of herbs and plants; to be acquainted with the demonstrable varieties of the mathematics; the study of philosophy; the writings of the antients, and that in their own proper language, without the help of an interpreter; these and the like are the most noble accomplishments of the human mind, and accordingly do bring great delight and satisfaction along with them: these things she was not only conversant in, but mistress of; and that to such a degree that very few of her sex did ever arrive at. She had from her infancy been trained up in the knowledge of these things, and had made a great progress therein; and even in her green years, at the age of twenty-three, was arrived to the knowledge of a bearded philosopher.

"But that which is most our wonder, is, that one so young, of an infirm constitution, and the tenderest sex, not accustomed to the advantages of the philosophic schools, should, in the hard knotty arguments of metaphysical learning, be a most nervous and subtle disputant.

"She

"She took the greatest pains to perfect her knowledge in the Greek tongue, that she might with greater pleasure read that elegant father St. Chrysostom in his own pure and native style. Her being very well acquainted with the Greek Testament, in which she was much conversant, was a great help to improve her skill in that language. She was not satisfied with reading only, but, having an eye to that saying of the poet,---'*Semper ego auditor tantem*,'---she set herself to the composing of many things in the Latin tongue, which are rare and useful in their kind, and which I have seen with abundance of delight and satisfaction; wherein it does appear that she had a beauty in her style, as well as in her countenance; and, if they shall be made public, will be the admiration, as well as the entertainment, of the thinking part of mankind. She had, indeed, a vast and comprehensive knowledge, a large and exalted mind, a strong and capacious memory, still coveting more and more knowledge; and, in this particular alone, she would often say,---'It was a sin to be contented with but a little.'

"But, after all this, with what profound humility, with what prostration of mind, would she cry out, with St. Paul, ---'I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord!'---In which study she was no small proficient, and as often, by her nervous arguments, and by the grace of God which was in her, put to silence some of those bold men who have attempted to revive the old-baffled heresy of Socinus; and she did much lament that such lewd opinions should gain any footing, or the least entertainment, among those that should profess the religion of the crucified Jesus.

"I have heard her say, that human learning is worth nothing, unless, as a handmaid, it lead us to the knowledge of Christ revealed in the Gospel, as our only Lord and Saviour; and would discourse very finely after this manner: 'What avails Solomon's skill in all the works of Nature, if by them we are not brought to see the God of Nature?

'What is it,' saith she, 'to be so skilful in astronomy, as that we can foretel things here below, if we never study by our holy practices to come thither?

'What is it to be so skilful in arithmetic, as that we can divide and subdivide to the smallest fraction, if (as God hath revealed to us in his holy word)---"we do not so learn to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom?"

'What is it,' saith she, 'for a physician to be so skilful in foreseeing and preventing the diseases of the body, if (as God hath revealed it unto him) he knoweth not where to find that balm of Gilead, the wine and oil of that Samaritan, the Lord Jesus, to pour into the festered wounds of his own soul and conscience?'

"This leads me to the second grace which shone in her most brightly, namely, her Piety; and that as it branches itself out into two known duties, public and private.

"As for the public, she was a constant frequenter of the Word and Sacrament, and the prayers of the church: she never missed, unless hindered by some bodily infirmity, to which in the latter part of her life she had been too subject.

"Her private piety and devotion was no less, by which she dieted her soul; and in her chamber, with holy David, ---'she communed with her own heart,' privately examining the state and condition of her soul, that she 'might stand in awe, and not sin.'

"She greedily catched at all opportunities of retirement, that she might have the better intercourse with Heaven; as knowing it the surest way of overcoming the world, and living above it, was to sequester herself from it; and the best preparatory for death, was dying daily in holy solitude and privacy: by which she had so disposed her mind for the time of her dissolution, that it pleased God to give her some presages of it.

"About two years before her death, her meditations leading her in her solitary walks into the churchyard,

and

and resting herself in the porch there, and ruminating on mortality, which the place suggested to her, a sudden thought, a strong impulse, broke in upon her mind, that in a short time she should die, and be buried in that very churchyard; which was so far from casting any horror or melancholy on her spirits, that, on the contrary, it made her in love with the place; and she used ever after to desire to retire thither, and did accordingly chuse it for her burial-place.

"The third thing to be noticed was her charity, which, under her circumstances, could not be very extraordinary as to the sum, yet was it so as to the cheerfulness and constancy of her giving; for, whatever her allowance was, she duly laid aside a certain portion of it to charitable and pious uses. Neither did her charity rest here, but raised itself to a higher degree of spirituality, and beyond the scene of the world: she had a great love for the souls of men, and was heartily afflicted with the errors, follies, and vices of this present age, to see that those who called themselves Christians, should, by bad principles and worse practice, dishonour their profession, and not only hazard their salvation, but that of their weak brother, too, for whom Christ died: and this temper of mind made her not only importunate in her intercessions for the good of the world, but gave her courage and discretion, above her years or sex, to benefit the souls of those she conversed with, by friendly reproof, good counsel, or some learned or pious discourse.

"In the exercise of this Christian love she lived,---in this she died; and here, that I may not be thought to flourish only in this matter, be pleased to understand, that she desired me, on her death-bed, that I would exhort all young people to the study of wisdom and knowledge, as a means to improve their virtues, and bring them to the truest happiness; and this, I think, I cannot do better, than in the words which were taken from her own mouth, just upon

upon her departure, when her soul was hovering upon her lips, ready to take wing for the other world.

" Her words were these, which were faithfully penned down, and delivered into my hands:---

' I desire,' says she, ' that all young people may be exhorted to the practice of virtue, and to increase their knowledge by the study of philosophy; and more especially to read the great book of Nature, wherein they may see the wisdom and power of the great Creator, in the order of the universe, and in the production and preservation of all things. It will fix in their minds a love to so much perfection, frame a divine idea, and an awful regard of God, which will heighten devotion, and lower the spirit of pride, and give a habit and disposition to his service: it will make us tremble at folly and profaneness, and command reverence and prostration to his great and holy name.

' That women,' says she, ' are capable of such improvements which will better their judgments and understandings, is past all doubt, would they but set to it in earnest, and spend but half of that time in study and thinking which they do in visits, vanity, and folly. It would introduce a composure of mind, and lay a sound basis and groundwork for wisdom and knowledge, by which they would be better enabled to serve God, and help their neighbours.'

Thus far Mr. Prude: the character which Mr. Collier has given her, in his " Great Historical Dictionary," though short, is so full and comprehensive, as to take in some particulars not noticed even by Mr. Prude.

" Anne Baynard," says he, " for her prudence, piety, and learning, deserves to have her name perpetuated; being not only well skilled in the learned languages, but in all manner of learning and philosophy, without vanity or affectation. Her words were few, well chosen, and expressive. She was seldom seen to smile, being rather of a reserved and stoical disposition, which sect of philosophers she most affected, their doctrine, in most parts, seeming agreeable to her natural temper; for she never read or

spake

spake of them but with a sort of delight and pleasingness in her countenance. She had a great contempt of the world, especially of the finery and gaiety of life: she had a great regard and veneration for the sacred name of God, and made it the whole business of her life to promote his honour and glory; and the great end of her study was to encounter atheists and libertines, as may be seen by some severe satyrs written in the Latin tongue, in which language she had a great readiness and fluency of expression; which made a gentleman of no small parts and learning say of her,——

'Annam gens Solymæa, Annam gens Belgica jactat;
'At superas Annas, Anna Baynarda, duas.'

"She died at Barnes, in Surry, June 12, 1697, and was buried in the churchyard of that place, where is a small monument in memory of her, on which are inscribed some English verses, by no means worthy of her. But Mr. Brown has well supplied that deficiency, by an ingenious copy of Latin alchaick verses; but too long to be inserted here."

AN AFFECTING LETTER

From a Brother to a Sister, after the Death of an affectionate Wife, on whom he doted with an excess of fondness.

WHY, my beloved Matilda, would you wish to draw me into society, when its brightest ornament is lost to me for ever?---or why offer arguments to induce me to become a member of community, when every feeling of my heart is centered in the grave?——Pardon the expression, dearest Matilda, nor suppose for a moment that the violence of grief absorbs natural affection, or that the heart of your brother disclaims fraternal love! Yet you, who

who witnessed the refinement of my felicity, and knew the purity of the source from whence it was derived, can never blame me for nurturing in solitude the image of my Eliza, or for retracing in remembrance joys for ever fled. You, who were no stranger to her fondness for retirement, and the calm enjoyment which a country life affords, must never expect me to mix in that heterogeneous association which those are compelled to submit to who lead a London life.——How joyfully did we disencumber ourselves from the constraints of society, for that close and sublime intercourse where our inclinations were free, and where a mutuality of thought and affection augmented pleasure, and increased delight! If the tear of sensibility glistened in my eye, the soft infection was reflected in Eliza's; and the grief that agitated or swelled my bosom gave poignant anguish to her more gentle breast.

Oh! Matilda, what have I possessed, and of what am I deprived!——Great God! at the very moment that I thought myself secure, Death struck his lovely victim in my arms, whilst I, impotent, could not ward the blow! ——Direful moment!---How was my heart appalled when I beheld her faded palid cheek, where late the blooming rose of health had reigned, and those eyes dim that used to beam so bright!———Oh! Matilda, pity thy wretched brother's woes!---but, can thy sharing mitigate his grief?

Fool that I am, I sometimes try to think the event a visionary dream, and call with fondness on her darling name; at other times, extend my eager arms, expecting to embrace her lovely form; whilst her well-known step seems to reverberate on my listening ear, and promise a renewal of delight!——Oh! my sister, what a transition! ---I, who have enjoyed the summit of human happiness, have suddenly been hurled from the unstable seat, and cast into the gulph of darkness and despair, and left to wander hopeless and forlorn!

Disease I could have supported---poverty have braved; nay, all the accumulated ills of life might have been poured

ed on my devoted head, if the dear solacer of all my griefs---in kindness or in mercy---had been spared!

In a state of mind so nearly bordering on distraction, can I, my dear Matilda, think of accepting your or your worthy husband's invitation?---Or shall I shamefully embitter that felicity I should envy by the constant obtrusion of unabating grief? The solitude which you seem to think so likely to increase my malady is the only source from whence I have any chance of deriving a cure;---for how fatiguing, to a mind oppressed with sorrow, are unmeaning civilities of the weak and the vain!---and how few are capable of entering into those calamities from which their own bosoms have been totally exempt!——The world, at this period, presents nothing to my view but a dreary desert, where all is cheerless, barren, and forlorn; and I, a wretched outcast being, without one ray of comfort for support!

Farewell, my beloved Matilda!---May your happiness long flow in an uninterrupted stream, and may you never (by experience) participate in the misfortunes which agonize the bosom of

FREDERIC D———.

March 3, 1801.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

AS I have frequently been informed that the LADY'S MUSEUM has the most extensive circulation of any periodical publication, I am convinced that the Editor of so popular a work must have a general knowledge of all public transactions; and, I flatter myself, may be able to assign some justifiable reason for a practice which appears to me to require the legislators' aid.

You must know, Mr. Editor, that I reside some hundred miles distant from the great metropolis, and, until my present

sent

sent visit, had not seen it for upwards of five-and-twenty years; and judge of my astonishment, upon entering a place of worship, at being informed that I could not obtain a seat, although I observed that some of the pews were empty, and others not above half filled.

As the clergyman had just began the interesting service, and was reading it in a manner peculiarly devout, I remained transfixed to the spot where I stood, surrounded by several respectable-looking people in the same situation. At length, a young man, who happened to stand next to me, and had heard the pew-opener insolently declare that I could not have a seat, informed me, in a whisper, that, if I would *fee* the woman, she would put me into a pew; at the same time adding, for his part, that he was always compelled to take his station in the aisle, as he really could not afford, in these times of scarcity, to pay for the privilege of saying his prayers.

The pew-opener, at this moment, happening to approach us, I put my hand in my pocket, and took out a fee, when, touching my informer by the arm, we followed to an empty and commodious seat. There, Mr. Editor, in spite of my devotion, which I have the comfort of saying is seldom of the *lukewarm* kind, I could not help reflecting upon the shameful venality of the age, when for the prayers which are offered to the Throne of Mercy the interested hireling expects to be paid.

Is it not disgraceful to the community, Mr. Editor, to have the House of God only free for the accommodation of the great? And how can we be astonished at the decline of religion, when we observe obstructions raised against the frequency of prayer? How many decent and respectable families can neither afford to fee pew-openers, nor pay quarterly for each seat! Then what must be the consequence of their living near a place of worship, where without money no admission is to be obtained?

To this shameful practice may we not ascribe the overflowing congregations with which dissenting meeting-houses

teem?

teem? And may we not believe, that the different sects of religion owe their numbers, in some degree, to the same interested source? Would it not be more to the credit of the affluent to make a liberal subscription for the pastor whom they attend, than to suffer him to be supported by a tax upon the industrious, whose numerous burdens they are scarcely able to pay?

I am, Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
T. BENSON.

Vere Street Hotel,
Sunday evening, March 7, 1801.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

I AM a young man, who, having received an excellent private education under the eye of a most affectionate grandfather, have grown up with the admiration of learning, and the love of virtue. After passing two-and-twenty years in the bosom of honourable and literary retirement, I was called, some months ago, to London:---how did my heart throb at its name!---I was going to London, that focus of genius and greatness!---I was going to associate with philosophers, patriots, and statesmen!---I was going to that grand theatre of human action, where virtues and talents can alone find their proper station!——The prospect was enchanting, and, under the delicious impression of such ideas, I hurried, on the second day of my arrival in town, to the house of a friend of my grandfather's.

The house of the Earl of Hallindon, I had been assured, was the Temple of the Muses, and the Mansion of Virtue: I found it, indeed, honoured by the presence of twelve gentlemen of different ages, whom Lord Feversham, the Earl's son, introduced to me as the *first men of the day*. "Such a one was the *best* fellow in the world;"---

his companion was " the *cleverest* man *about town ;*"---another was " the author of some *wonderful poems ;*"---and so on. I received this information with enthusiasm, and sate down in the circle with all that respectful veneration which the consciousness of inferior mental powers must ever create. After the ceremony of introduction, Lord Feversham, addressing himself to the poet, resumed the discourse which I had interrupted.

" What!---and are *you* in ignorance of it still? Is it possible, Lewen, that you have not yet been able to discover its component parts?"

" Indeed, I have not," returned Mr. Lewen, with that afflicted air which a baffled man of license cannot disguise: " I have tasted it, examined its colour, its smell; and yet, with all these attempts at analyzation, I find myself still in the dark."

" How provoking!" exclaimed *the cleverest man about town.* " I would give ten guineas, at this instant, to Shellington, if he would explain it to me."

" *Ten!---I* would give a hundred for a thing of such importance," said the gentleman whom Lord Feversham had deservedly entitled *the best fellow in the world.*

I regarded him with admiration: he was my own age, and I could not but admire the exalted philanthropy which animated his youthful countenance at these words. He went on:——

" I protest I have confined myself to my lodgings every morning for these four months, to discover the secret. I have scarcely slept for thinking of it; yet every experiment which I have hitherto made has proved abortive. Is it not dreadful!"

At this pathetic enquiry I was almost tempted to solicit an explanation of what seemed to absorb all the faculties of these great men; but timidity kept me silent, and Lord Feversham resumed:——

" I know that Shellington's servant is in possession of this valuable recipe, and, therefore, I shall use all my rhetoric

rhetoric to worm it out of him. I have succeeded thus far; I have procured a phial from him."

As he spoke, he produced a small bottle, which seemed to electrify the company; who, rising with great clamour, hurried the phial from hand to hand, and lip to lip, tasting, smelling, and scrutinizing its contents, as if they had been Mr. Godwin's Liquor of Life.

"Pray, what is this invaluable liquid?" said I, with irrepressible curiosity.——No one answered. I repeated my question, and a young man, a nephew of Lord Hallindon's, who had sate unnoticed in a corner of the room, advanced towards me.

"It is Blacking," said he.

The term, and the look of intense scorn which accompanied it, were equally inexplicable to me. I requested him to explain:---he did so, in a few words; and all my veneration, humiliation, and enthusiasm, vanished into air.

Alas! Mr. Editor, I found that this matchless treasure, for the obtaining of which *the best fellow in the world* had sacrificed all his time and money, and which *the cleverest man about town* could not discover, was nothing else than *Blacking!*---that liquid with which the shoes and boots of our modern Beaux are so lavishly adorned!——Alas! it is but too true that the researches of the learned men are now turned to *Blacking!*---the exertions of the worthiest men are all centered in *Blacking!*---and the conversation of every man perpetually runs on *Blacking!*

Oh! Mr. Editor, where now are we to find the Russels, Sydneys, Lyttletons, Boyles, and Chathams, of former times?---Where shall we seek for the good, the great, and the wise, if our youths lavish the precious morning of their existence, and the meridian of intellect, upon such shameful and worthless pursuits as these?---For mine own part, I shudder at the prospect which lies before these unhappy men:---a third of their lives spent in disgraceful follies, and the remainder of them dragged out on the rack of impotent repentance!——Ah! would they but polish

their minds as industriously as they do their boots, and seek virtue as ardently as they search for Blacking, England might once more produce men worthy of their ancestors; and religion, order, and knowledge, again find pillars for their support and ornament.

PERCY.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES:

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

[From "Old Nick, a Satirical Story," just published.]

MR. Pawlet asked Barclay what he thought of the room.

"Perhaps you may not think so much of it," continued he, "as I do. I delight in it: it is my Pen's taste. She furnished it as you see, making every thing herself that a female hand could accomplish; and those drawings are all her own doing:---she took them from the numerous prospects that present themselves on the hill near the church."

"Fy!---fy!---my dear Sir," cried Penelope; "how can you talk so? Nobody, I'm sure, but you, who are always too kindly partial to what I do, will think any thing of such trifles."

This, said in a laughing manner (as she knelt by the side of the flower-pots, with her head turned round), had the most rapturous effect on Barclay. The voice that saluted his ear was so soft and mellifluous, that he could scarcely believe it human; and the lovely form he contemplated was so angelic, that, added to the beauties of the place, he could not avoid exclaiming——

"Enchantment!---'tis all enchantment! Indeed, Sir, Miss Penelope does not do herself justice in complaining of your panegyric, seeing that it falls so far short of her desert. Truly, I cannot believe what I behold to be the work of mortal skill, but assuredly the consequence of some

some spell---the conjuration of some supernatural agency. These drawings are ————."

"Well," said Penelope, interrupting him, and rising, "I must positively go: I can suffer this no longer."

"By no means!" cried Barclay, hastily. "I beg a thousand pardons for expressing my *unfeigned* sentiments, because they have offended."——Then, catching her eye, with an humble but expressive look, he added,——"I will henceforth gaze with silent admiration!"

Mrs. Pawlet's thoughts were entirely devoted to her book, and the Parson continued making the salad; therefore the confusion of Penelope and our hero (which was very apparent in their countenances at this crisis) was not perceived; and the attention of the little family was soon diverted for the moment from every other circumstance, by the appearance of dinner.

Mrs. Pawlet, not only because she was the mistress of the house, but because she prided herself on carving with mathematical and anatomical nicety, sat at the head of the table; Mr. Pawlet at the bottom, Penelope on his right hand, and Barclay opposite her, to the right of Mrs. Pawlet. The situation of the young folks was peculiarly interesting to themselves. Neither could look up for an instant, but their eyes were rivetted to each other; and, the table being rather narrow, there was an absolute necessity, for the sake of mutual accommodation, to mingle their feet together. We all know what nervous creatures lovers are: think, then, of the position of things at this juncture!

Barclay was, during dinner, in a perfect state of delirium. He ate little---he said nothing!——but, did he not feel something?---and did he not feast his eyes on the object before him?——None but a lover, it is true, can fancy such food; but no mere sensual voluptuary ever enjoyed a repast half so luxurious. Here there was no satiety: *appetite increased by what it fed upon;* and our hero must have remained at table until doomsday, if he could not have risen before he had confessed that he was satis-

fied. To describe the conduct and feelings of Penelope, would be to repeat what I have said of Barclay's.

Mr. and Mrs. Pawlet, on the contrary, ate with excellent stomachs, but with this difference,---all he ate, he ate ---because he found it agreeable to his palate. She, however, ate scarcely any thing but to what she attached some medicinal quality. She ascribed great virtue to various sorts of vegetables, and these she would devour, even to repletion; often making herself miserably ill in her attempts, as she termed them, " to give a tone to the nerves, and to regulate and perfect the euchrasy of the human frame."

Barclay's taciturnity and abstinence were attributed to several causes: Mrs. Pawlet believed the first to be owing to the modesty of genius, or the abstraction of learned meditation; and the second she conceived to be highly commendable in a philosopher; so that when the Parson pressed him to eat, Mrs. Pawlet begged he would desist. ——" Mr. Temple," said she, " imitates the antient sage, whose maxim it was, ' to eat to live, and not to live to eat.'

Penelope looked at Barclay, and could not conceal a bewitching smile that played about her lips. Our hero returned the smile, and would willingly have joined them.

Reader.---Join their smiles! How could they do that, Sir?"

Author.---By joining their lips, Ma'am.

Reader.---Oh! you abominable wretch! A pretty thing, truly, to do at the first interview!

Author.---Very pretty indeed, Ma'am: I should like to have done it myself! However, he did not say so; but, if he had, he would have been excusable, for he was invited to it.

Reader.---How! a baggage, did she invite him to do so?

Author.---No, sweet Lady; but her lips did——as thus: her lips were of that description, which, as clearly as it is possible for lips, unassisted by the tongue to speak, say, ——" Come, and kiss me!"---Perhaps, thrice venerable Madam, you have never seen any of this sort; but, nevertheless,

theless, I assure you they exist. I have seen many such, and I hope to Heaven I shall see many more!

Mr. Pawlet viewed Barclay's conduct in a very opposite light. His abstinence, he thought, might arise from either the novelty of his situation, or the fatigue of travelling; and his modesty, he believed, to be the effect of the misfortunes he had suffered, which would not permit him to assume any consequence in society. He pitied him in his heart, and resolved to use all his endeavours to banish the scruples to which he attributed his depression. The same goodness of disposition led him to imagine that Penelope's not eating, as usual, was owing to her uneasiness all the morning about the poor servant maid; and when the cloth was taken away, he desired her to go, and see how she fared. Glad of such an apology, she readily withdrew, to induce Mr. Pawlet the more firmly to believe the truth of his suspicion.

BON MOT.

[From the same.]

SOME one interceding with a cousin of mine for a foolish blockhead who pretended to be dying in love for her, accused her of hard-heartedness; and asked her, if he died, how she would reconcile it to herself? I directed her to say (says Mrs. Pawlet):——

"How!---very well:---his death itself will expiate the crime. Like the Shepherd in Theocritus, Ρεξω ποτιν Εφατι, I shall have sacrificed a CALF to Love!

School of Arts.

NO. XXIX.

Method of transplanting trees or shrubs in Spring or Summer, without danger.

PREPARE a hole of the proper depth in which the tree or shrub is to be planted; sift the earth taken out very fine, and mix with water, in a tub, to the consistence

sistence of batter: then place the tree in the position in which it is to stand, and pour the mixture into the hole; and as fast as the water is absorbed, add the mixture, till it is full of earth. A tree thus planted has its roots immediately enclosed, and guarded from the air; and it will lose very little of its vigour by the moving, if care be taken not to wound many of the roots in taking the tree out of the ground, nor suffer them to dry too much in moving from one place to another.

Cabbages.---If leaves of coleworts, or strong cabbage plants, are tied up when they are quite free from any dew upon them, in a fortnight's time the inner parts will become white, and eat as well as any cabbage.

N. B. When they are tied, they should be well watered at the root.

THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE.

Feb. 24. AN Historical Play, in Five Acts, was performed, for the first time, at this Theatre, under the title of "DEAF AND DUMB; or, *The Orphan Protected;*" the characters of which were as follow, and thus represented:

Julio of Harancour (Theodore), Miss De Camp; Darlemont, Mr. Wroughton; St. Alme, Mr. C. Kemble; Franval, Mr. Barrymore; De l'Epée, Mr. Kemble; Dupré, Mr. Bannister, Jun.; Pierre, Mr. Palmer; Dominick, Mr. Suett; Servants, Mr. Trueman, Mr. Chippendale, and Mr. Maddocks:——Madame Franval, Miss Pope; Marianne, Mrs. Mountain; Claudine, Mrs. Sparks.

This very interesting Piece is a translation from the French of M. Bouilly, adapted to the English Stage by a Mr. Hill, assisted by Mr. Kemble. It may be considered a hand-

a handsome compliment to the humane institution established at Paris for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, of which fame has spoken so highly; and to the memory of the Abbe de l'Epée, the founder of the seminary. An institution such as this must be a fruitful source of anecdote; and accordingly we find that the author has, in the present instance, availed himself of one long familiar to the public, and not the less interesting from its being founded on fact. The fable is the simplest that can be conceived; but its simplicity is the simplicity of Nature, and the most successful appeal to her force and influence.

Julio, an interesting youth, born deaf and dumb, the orphan heir to the first Magistrate of Toulouse, is brought to Paris by Darlemont, his uncle and guardian, and exposed in a mean attire. Here he is received into the philanthropic asylum for unfortunates of this kind, under the name of Theodore. His manners, so ill corresponding with the meanness of his dress, at once induce the discerning De l'Epée to suspect that his pupil is the victim of fraud and injustice, and the quick intelligence of the youth soon confirms this suspicion. He accordingly sets out with him for the south of France, from some city of which his observations on the conduct of the boy lead him to conclude he has come. Arrived at Toulouse, the extravagant joy exhibited in the looks and gestures of his companion satisfies the Abbe that he has reached the sought-for place. It is here that the scene opens with a view of Toulouse, and Theodore recognizing the habitation of his father now usurped by his uncle. His restoration to his fortune constitutes the interest of the plot, of which the means by which that end is accomplished form the principal ingredients. Julio recognizes the old domestics of his father, and is recognized by them in return. Proofs rise on proofs of his identity; but it is not until after a most obstinate resistance to their force that the uncle confesses his guilt, and restores his property to the injured Julio.---There is also an underplot, judiciously blended with

with the main story: it consists of the love of St. Alme, the son of Darlemont (but his reverse in disposition), for Marianne; all obstacles to which are removed by the generosity of Julio, whose first act, after he obtains possession of his fortune, is to settle half of it upon his cousin. From the recital of this story, the Reader might not suppose it a source of great interest: it is, therefore, impossible to speak of it in adequate terms of praise, without the suspicion of over-rating its merits.

In all the incidents and situations the author has been peculiarly happy: they are all of the most simple, natural, and domestic kind; they are such as come home to men's business and bosoms; they are such as they may every day see in the families of others, and tremble for in their own, connected and embellished with all those affecting scenes which render injured innocence doubly interesting by the helplessness of its situation, and all those sentiments of humanity which flow from the peculiar nature of the subject.

The adaptation of this Piece to the English Stage has been executed with great care, taste, and judgment. The characters and the plot suffer little variation; but in the language and the turn of the sentiment there are many alterations,---all of them improvements.

The humane philosophic Abbe De l'Epée was admirably sustained by Mr. Kemble; and Mr. Wroughton, in the proud and guilty Darlemont, was uncommonly energetic and impressive. The other characters were supported with like success.

The Piece has continued to bring crowded houses, and to command universal applause.

March 12. Mrs. JORDAN (the modern Thalia) gladdened the public mind by resuming that station of which she is the life and spirit. *Miss Peggy*, in *The Country Girl*, was the part in which she re-appeared this evening; and she has since commenced the round of her favourite characters, as *Maria*, *Nell*, &c. &c., with unabated powers and unqualified applause.

COVENT

COVENT GARDEN.

Feb. 28. A New Pantomimical Drama was brought forward, for the first time, under the title of "PEROUSE; or, *The Desolate Island;*" altered from a Drama of Kotzebue's by Mr. Fawcett, and got up under the direction of Mr. Farley.

The great interest of this Piece, which is in two parts, consists in the adventures of Perouse, after his shipwreck: he falls into the hands of savages, and is saved by the intercession of Umba, who conceives a passion for him, and obtains his life from Kanko, the chief of the savages, her lover. The attachment of Umba, and the jealousy and revenge of Kanko, are the grounds of interest in the first part. In the second, Madame de la Perouse, with her son, arrives from France. Perouse, who had now lived for years with Umba, is disconsolate and miserable, sighing for his native land. Madame la Perouse falls into the power of the savages, and is persecuted by the love of Kanko. She escapes; meets her husband; they recognize each other; are joined by their son; and a scene of the utmost tenderness ensues. The violent jealousy of Umba, and the deliverance of La Perouse by a body of marines who had landed from the ship to explore the island, conclude the Piece.

Upon the whole, this entertainment is calculated to be popular. The splendor of the scenery, which in many parts is magnificent; the exertions of the performers, and the merit of the music, which is well adapted to the various motions excited, form altogether a very strong claim to public approbation.

The characters of the Piece are all well sustained, particularly those of Perouse and his Lady, by Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston; Kanko, a native of the island, by Mr. Farley; Umba, a female beloved by Kanko, and in love with Perouse, by Mrs. Mills; and Champanzee, an animal of the Desolate Island, assimilating, in some degree, to the figure

of

of an ourang outang, by Master Menage. This latter character is somewhat curious, and, from the attachment of the animal to Perouse, excites no inconsiderable degree of interest.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. Spotted muslin gown. Spencer cloak of green kerseymere, spotted with black; long loose sleeves to the cloak, trimmed all round with deep black lace. Straw helmet hat, with the Union flowers.

2. Dark blue kerseymere habit, with three rows of small blue buttons crossed with blue silk cord; collar of blue velvet; sleeves rather large. White beaver hat, with very narrow brim; and two short white feathers.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

1. Pale pink Chambray muslin gown, with thick half sleeves discovering white muslin ones; the front of the robe sitting close to the shape, and looped down with a brilliant clasp. Hair in curls, and twisted with a wreath of ivy.

2. Black muslin train gown; cestus of gold, and short puffed sleeves. Black velvet hat, lined with pink satin, turned up in the front with a topaz button; and a White Ostrich and Bird of Paradise feather. White net gloves. Necklace of bullion gold.

The

Afternoon Dress for April. 1801.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

The Apollonian Wreath.

THE THREE SIGHS;

Or, SORROW, HOPE, and BLISS:

A BALLAD.*

NEAR yonder cliff there stands a cot
Long favor'd by the foaming tide;
When Edward left the much-lov'd spot,
With parting kiss fair Anna sigh'd,---
"With Edward's presence blest to-day,
"But sad will be to-morrow:
"Adieu! adieu!"---she scarce could say,
And heav'd the sigh of Sorrow.

Some months had pass'd in silent grief,
When Reason's voice resum'd its sway;
She knew complaint ne'er gave relief,
So grew resign'd from day to day.
Oft from the cliff she 'd plaintive cry,---
"He may return to-morrow;"---
While thus she sang, Hope's rising sigh
Reliev'd the sigh of Sorrow.

* This Ballad has been set to music, with much taste, by Miss Abrams.

And now the vessel homeward steer'd,
She saw the well-known token wave....
(The faithful sight her bosom cheer'd)
The token she at parting gave.
Fond Ed'ward cried, with ardent kiss,....
"Thou shalt be mine to-morrow!"....
While thus he spake, the sigh of Bliss
Dispell'd the sigh of Sorrow.

S. S.

LINES

Sent to a young Lady with a Piece of Bride-cake.

NINE times thro' the marriage ring
Had the mystic cake been slid;
Cupid sped on swiftest wing
Where the dove-drawn Queen was hid....

"Tell me, mother," Cupid cried,
"Which, of all your train below,
"Soonest shall become a bride,
"Soonest Hymen's orgies know?

"Let the rebel quick be found;
"Let us from the minx be free;
"For, when Hymen's altar 's crown'd,
"She 'll disdain both you and me!"

"Silly boy," said Venus, "fly!
"Place the charm in Phœbe's hand;
"There, you Urchin, you and I
"Still shall hold supreme command.

"We with Hymen have agreed
"There our int'rests to unite:
"To the god, then, boy, accede;
"He but sanctifies our rite.

"Fly!...say Hymen doth befriend her;
"And, when she becomes a wife,
"Love and Beauty still shall 'tend her
"Thro' the lot of marriage life!"

LINES,

LINES,

Addressed to a young Friend on the Point of engaging his Affections unworthily; and who suffered in Mind under the mistaken Notion that his Suit was not favourably received.

"AH! my poor heart, when wilt thou be at rest?
"It speaks aloud when Mary makes me blest!"
Vain youth! why thus your time and thoughts employ?
Why thus your means of happiness destroy?
Say you..."the pang she gives she will not cure?"
Can you hope blessings from a source impure?
Strike off the mask! then quickly you will find
That art and trifling did ensnare your mind.
Fly this coquette, nor my advice disdain,
Let truth sink deep...'twill rid you of your pain:
What are the beauties that have struck your sight?...
An aspect trifling, and a manner light!...
As to her mind, what beauties can shine there?
Reflect how taught...her sense acquir'd where!
If novel-stories of the looser kind
Can furnish knowledge, then her brain 's well lin'd.
When grave, perceive you not the veil of art,...
T' impress beholders she can sense impart?
Her words destroy these efforts of her face,
As those give nought but nonsense in grimace.
What share of bliss, too, can you hope to know
From one for ever hunting after show?
To Pleasure's call, the fleeting joys of sense,
She's only true,...and heedless of expense:
Think, think on this, and what may follow hence.
No longer, then, be thou in shackles bound;
Exert yourself, nor be by Folly crown'd:
Avoid this type of *senseless calm* or *racket*;
Her sighs forego, and let her fool with *******!

H.

Upper Berkley Street,
March, 1801.

TO MRS. JORDAN.

WHY from those scenes the Passions paint
Does sportive Mirth retire?
Why do the laughing Graces fly,
And Pleasure close her lust'rous eye?
And Genius show her torch, grown faint,
Robb'd of its genuine fire?

Jordan, for *thee* the Muse awakes
Her ever-varying lyre,
While thro' the strings soft music breaks,
Such as thy tones inspire!
Sweet tones! that steal into the soul,
And bid thro' ev'ry pulse their soft vibrations roll!

What is the magic charm of song?...
Jordan, 'tis *thine* to tell;
'Tis *thine* the soft-link'd notes to swell
In cadence sweet, in feeling strong!
From liquid *sounds* attun'd by *thee*,
The mind expands to harmony;
And Folly, weary Folly, knows
A balm sublime for human woes!
Then sing, oh! songstress sweet! and treasure
In feeling minds *thy* own sweet measure!

What is the sportive-dimpled smile?...
Jordan, 'tis *thine* to tell:
The frolic gesture fashion'd well,
The senses to beguile!
What are the dulcet plaints of melting sorrow
Which Affectation vainly seeks to borrow?
What is the melody of sounds
That heals the breast which Envy wounds;
And, stealing to the throbbing brain,
Bids sternest natures bless the strain?
What is the highly-fashion'd art
That wins and holds th' insensate heart?
What are all these but that rich treasure
Which marks the proud excess of pleasure?

Then come, and bid the anxious throng
Confess *thy* magic pow'r of song;*
Bid the faint heart, by sorrow prest,
Steal from *thy* smile a dream of rest;
Soothe with *thy* tear the suff'ring mind,
And teach e'en Cynics to be kind!
While taste and feeling own the pleasure
That greets the soul with Nature's treasure!

OBERON.

* Mrs. Jordan re-appeared for the remainder of the season at Drury-lane Theatre, on Thursday, March 12, to the great delight of an admiring public.

ON

ON MISS MURRAY,

Of Covent Garden Theatre.

LET others sport in Life's gay round,
'Mid Dissipation's hurry;
For me more rapt'rous pleasure 's found
Conversing with sweet Murray.

Why does my heart tumultuous beat,
What means this hurry-scurry,
If e'er I wand'ring chance to meet
The graceful form of Murray?

'Tis Love!---'tis wild ecstatic Love!
That causes all this flurry:
Oh! may its thrilling influence move
One pitying sigh from Murray!

Some pine with avaricious wants,
And great men's favour curry;
My bounding bosom only pants
To be belov'd by Murray!

T. B.

Sloane Street.

ON AN EMINENT ACTOR.

WHAT grace can yield, what dignity inspire,
To swell the triumph of our Shakespeare's lays,
Shines in *thy* form, coequal to their fire,
And crowns the Actor with the Author's bays!

Thro' vary'd scenes immortal Shakespeare drew
We see *thee* glide, bright Comet of the Stage!
But, most, thy *Hamlet*, lucid as the dew,
Drops a rich pearl to ornament the age.

More great thy worth; for, now, misguided Taste
Rears at false Pomp her dull lethargic head;
And, but for *thee*, those chosen few might waste
Who wish true Genius rescu'd from the dead.

Oh! taught by her, do, Kemble, charm the heart
With all that elegance of thought should feel
(Its happier child, since enemy to Art);
Still grace by gesture what thy looks reveal.

Long has thy *Stranger* taught the feeling mind
That mental pow'rs may lead to mental woe;
But, ah! impossible we e'er should find
Thy worth a *stranger*, or its praise forego!

J. L. G.

Mincing Lane.

THE WINGS OF LOVE;

Imitated from the French of M. Moultier.

[BY MR. DALLAS.]

'TIS said, Love flies:...whence sprung his wings?
The boy was *born* with no such things;
For Innocence would never rove,
And wings were needless, then, for Love.
Nor did they shoot up as he grew;
Fond Infancy is pure and true;
And, still unfledg'd, he reach'd the age
When gentle sighs the heart engage;
For Constancy will ever prove
The sister fair of youthful Love.
But soon as e'er one balmy kiss
From Chloe's lip had seal'd his bliss,
And taught his little heart to leap,
The callow points began to peep:
Another kiss...the callow points
To pinions sprout, with downy joints;
Kiss follows kiss...two days, 'tis said,
Full plumage o'er the pinions spread:
In fine, he talk'd, and woo'd so well,
He gain'd much more than I shall tell.
Soon as his pow'r the Urchin knew,
He proudly clapp'd his wings, and flew!

THE

THE LOVE-SICK TAILOR.

A POOR skinny varlet of cross-legg'd profession,
Whose looks were Starvation's pale meagre expression,
Had long gaz'd with rapture on Betty's black eye,
Who liv'd at a jolly fat butcher's hard by.

The maiden was squat, and of fat corporation,
For strength vied with those of a similar station;
She liv'd on good mutton, or smoking hot beef,
While Snip with mean cabbage resembled pale grief.

One evening, poor Snip, who was homeward returning,
His belly quite empty, his heart with love burning,
Espied Betty singing hard by the shop door:
Quoth he---"There's my darling, the maid I adore!"

He gaz'd---his mouth water'd---his heart was quick beating;
He strove to advance, but, his courage retreating,
He found all endeavours to move were in vain;
So like barber's pole he erect did remain.

At length Betty spied him---she well knew his anguish;
She simper'd---she smil'd---and most sweetly did languish:
Snip grew more courageous; with leg a yard long,
He carefully stole the broad pavement along.

He bow'd---Betty curtsied; he pans'd---her cheeks redden'd;
He sigh'd---she look'd sheepish; Snip's colour was deaden'd:
Like Brentford's fam'd lion did Betty appear,
While Snip was the *Slender* of Willy Shakespeare.

Quoth Snip, hot as charcoal, when with bellows blowing,---
"The blood of this heart is from love's wound fast flowing;
"The dart, like my iron, too hot for the thread,
"Has sing'd thro' my gizzard, and scorch'd up my head!

"My figure and visage are lank as my measure,
"I gaze like a goose on my soul's dearest treasure;
"But sadness is quick by your smiles chas'd away,
"For then, like new broad cloth, I 'm glossy and gay.

"Let the look of compassion on me sweetly shine,
"Be your breast like the nap of a coat superfine:
"Your eyes are sharp needles when pierc'd with new thread;
"They 've stitch'd up my heart---like a nit I am dead.

"Yes,

" Yes, like goose in my coffin I pinion'd shall be,
" If you do not straightways take pity on me:
" Then cross-legg'd no more on the board I shall sit,
" But cold as my sheers turn'd, and dead as a nit!"

As with cleaver, these doleful complaints knock'd her down,
She trembled like bullock thrice rapp'd on the crown;
The hue of a steak from her face now did steal,---
Betty's cheeks turn'd far whiter than knuckle of veal!

WAR: AN ODE.

HARK! I hear the din of battle,
See the dreadful carnage round;
Hark! I hear the cannons rattle,
Hear the awful, deathly sound!

Now, their faithless friends to meet,
Yonder ranks are fiercely closing;
Render'd desp'rate by defeat,---
Preferring death,---to honour losing.

See the swords with fury clashing,
Glittering high above the head;
And the horses madly trampling
O'er the dying and the dead.

See the mutilated member
Dropping from the quiv'ring wound;
See life's last expiring ember
Fast on yon warrior's temple bound;

No kind friend to soothe his sorrow,
Or receive his parting sigh;
Alas! the rising sun, to-morrow,
A lifeless corpse will see him lie!

Now grim Death, in all its glory,
Stalks with ghastly strides around,
Anticipating with wild fury
Ev'ry fatal, mortal wound!

Oh! soon may Peace, and all her train,
On Britain deign to smile;
And no invidious foes again
Molest my native isle!

JULIA.

Oxford, March, 1801.

FARTHER EXTRACT
FROM
COURTIER's "PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE,"
Just published.*

-------- HOW teeming thought expands,
Recursive, o'er the years so long gone by!
Now on the region of enchantment stands,
Painting the colours of that happy sky
Which daily glitter'd to th' auspicious eye
In the first dawning of this chequer'd day.
Oh! let those colours raise, once more, the sigh
Ecstatic; here shed yet one cheering ray,
Bright as the orient blush of young ambrosial May!

Doubt not the high felicities of youth,
Nor look to manhood as the happier age.
See on that dimpled face the smile of truth;
That heart, whose griefs the merest toys assuage;
That mind, which constant novelties engage;
That unchill'd hope, which rears its Babel-tow'r
Reckless of time, or storm's disastrous rage;
That hand, which plucks the bloom of ev'ry flow'r;
Untaught how seasons change, and disappointments low'r!

And such was he whom after days behold
Care-worn, and careless of the world's esteem:
His heart to love, and hope, and pleasure cold,
And taste long sated, vain and idle deem
Each boasted good, now fled; as kindly dream,
With uncouth horrors intermingling, flies.
Inverted all to aged vision seem,
The fairest prospects of those vernal skies,
Which once his hopes inflam'd, and once rejoic'd his eyes!

* See page 76.

Sweet

Sweet shades! where first my vagrant footsteps stray'd,
And the light heart to eager joyance beat,
To you I come, with much of bliss decay'd,
The world's deep thorns imprinted on my feet,
And tread, but not as once, your blest retreat:
For dark regret now glooms each dear recess;
At ev'ry turn too surely doom'd to meet,
In scenes that erst my ev'ry hour could bless,
The ghosts of days long past---memorials of distress!

And yet, sweet shades! ye yield a gen'rous balm;
On the worn heart some healing drops distil!
The anarch-thought to settled sadness calm,
And link with reason the disjointed will.
E'en now, the breeze fresh wafted from the hill
Revives the pulse of half-extinguish'd life;
I live th' untainted hours of childhood still,
Join with new ardour the robustful strife,
And youth's delightful train and fairyland are rife!

Soft stealing from the playful group, behold
Him whom the paths of Solitude allure:
He loves to view the teints of blazing gold
Caught from descending sun by riv'let pure;
And now, from weak impertinence secure,
'Mid the thick foliage of embow'ring grove,
To mount to worlds whose lustre shall endure;
Then, sick'ning, melt to scenes of mortal love,
And o'er untasted bliss in sweet amazement rove!

Cherish the vision---thou art Nature's child!
Let thy young thought in blest delirium flow,
Be all thy hopes unconquerably wild,
Nor thy warm feelings hesitation know;
Experience sad shall damp that fervid glow:
And happy thou, when plough'd by furrowing care,
If in the soil so rich there do not grow
The seed conceal'd of direst poison there,---
Weeds full and rank as hell, and many a choking tare!

ENIGME.

ENIGME.

DE mon être charmant digne ouvrage de l'Art,
L'idée ingenieuse est due à la Nature.
Comme elle, simple, unie, agréable sans fard,
De mon illustre auteur je n'ai point l'imposture.
Je suis par la beauté recherchée en tous lieux,
Et sur tout en secret près de moi je l'attire;
Je ne saurois lasser ses regards curieux:
Jamais l'amant n'obtient si souvent un sourire.
Mais froide, inanimée, ignorant le désir,
Par les belles je suis en vain bien accueillée,
Si je vois leurs attraits, je les vois sans plaisir,
Et mon destin, hélas! n'est point digne d'envie.
Ah! du temps que je perds les momens precieux,
Fils etoient accordés à ta brulante flamme,
Seroient par toi, lecteur, employés beaucoup mieux.
Que n'as tu ces momens! ou que n'ai je ton ame!

☞ A Solution of the above French Enigma is requested, as well as a Translation in English verse.

SOLUTION OF THE ANAGRAM

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

ROME is the city; which, when transpos'd,
More is the auth'ress who is disclos'd.

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.—Friend-less.
.....II.—Black-lock.

NEW CHARADE.

WHEN Spring shall enamel the vale,
My First with like charms will appear;
And when Winter returneth again,
It then seemeth barren and drear.

Untutor'd in Childhood's bright days,
My Second, then, often appears;
And weakness my Second displays,
E'en as it increaseth in years.

My Whole is a person aggriev'd,
In what way I must not declare;
Who seeketh redress, 'tis believ'd,
From those who will always act fair.

THE Editor is very much obliged to Mrs. P. *for the favour of her Hint. The other Communications, she will perceive, came safely to hand.*

Albert and Laura *in our next.*

We do not conceive the Essay of Tudor *to be calculated either to improve or entertain our Fair Readers: though it indicates Talents of which we should be happy to avail ourselves on other subjects.*

C. A.'s *Letter is received, and under consideration.*

The Article communicated by D. *has appeared many times in print, to our certain knowledge.*

ERRATUM *in our Magazine for February:*

Page 165, line 11, for "sorrow-breathing hue," read "sorrow-breathing view."

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SEP

Engraved by Wm Cooke

Windsor Castle from the Great Park